JOHN BULL, week-ending June 3, 1948

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. — 1981

3d EVERY THURSDAY

TOMORROW'S CIVIL SERVANTS by the EDITOR

MOST FAMOUS NURSE IN THE WORLD

HOW WILL GERMANY FIGHT? by A.G.G.

Always keep your cocoa in a tin

NOT TOO OLD AT SIXTY

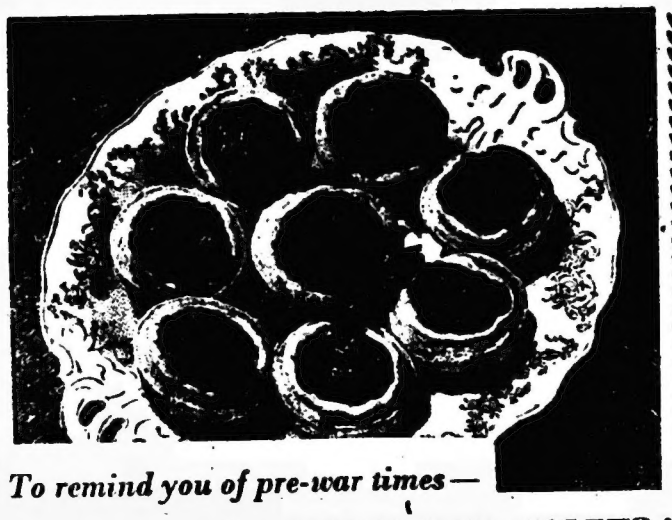
I'D LOVE TO TAKE A PART-TIME JOB, EVEN IF I AM TURNED SIXTY. BUT SOME DAYS I HAVEN'T A SPARE MINUTE
YESTERDAY I WAS ALL MORNING BOILING THE WASH
DON'T SAY YOU STILL BOIL THE WASH!
BUT I'M VERY FUSSY! IT MUST BE CLEAN
OF COURSE! BUT YOU CAN GET IT LOVELY AND CLEAN, WITHOUT BOILING. LET ME SHOW YOU NEXT WEEK
LOOK—MAKE SUDS WITH RINSO AND HOT WATER. SOAK FOR 12 MINUTES ONLY. WASH THROUGH AND RINSE—THAT'S ALL!
BUT THEY'RE BRILLIANT! IT'S A MARVEL!
WEEKS LATER
JUST OFF TO MY AFTERNOON JOB AT THE FACTORY. THANKS FOR THAT TIP ABOUT THE NO-BOIL WASH!

RINSO IS A No 1 SOAP POWDER; 3½d PACKET, 1 COUPON

7d PACKET, 2 COUPONS

R3303-414

R. S. Hudson Limited



To remind you of pre-war times—

these delightful DORSET TARTLETS!

These delightful little Dorset Tartlets look positively pre-war. Better still, they *taste* pre-war! Why not try making some for tonight?

INGREDIENTS: Shortcrust pastry; a little jam. *For the filling:* 2 teaspoons Rowntree's Cocoa, 3 oz. margarine, 4 oz. plain flour, 1 level tablespoon dried egg (reconstituted with 2 tablespoons water), ½ teaspoon baking powder, 2 oz. sugar, vanilla essence.

METHOD: Line some patty tins with the short pastry and place a little jam in each. Then make the filling as follows: cream the margarine and sugar and beat in the reconstituted egg. Sift together the flour, Rowntree's Cocoa, and baking powder, and stir into the beaten batch. Add vanilla essence. Place a teaspoon of this mixture in each patty pan and bake in a moderately hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

IMPORTANT: So many things we drink at meal-time contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does); and iron for the blood. And Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it *your* family's meal-time drink.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

For economy's sake, get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9½d.; qtr.-lb. carton, 5d.)

For the duration of the war, soft drinks are available in one 'brand' only—S.D.I.—the signature and the bond of the Soft Drinks Industry. The manufacturers realise that to remain anonymous does not reduce, but considerably increases their responsibility. And the essential ingredients of all soft drinks sold under the S.D.I. label are specified by the Ministry of Food.

ONE BRAND ONLY—FOR THE TIME BEING

The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd. CVS-13

Food MF *Facts*

HOW TO GET THE NEW RATION BOOK

CUT OUT THIS NOTICE AND KEEP IT BY YOU

The issue of the new Ration Book (with the next Clothing Book) began on May 22nd. It will be used for food purchases from July 23rd.

Getting your new Ration Book will be easier and quicker this year if everyone follows these simple directions. We have divided them into BEFORE, DURING and AFTER. Take these stages one at a time, and you will help to make the job of giving out even 45,000,000 books go with a swing.

BEFORE

Before you can get your new Ration Book you must see that both your IDENTITY CARD and your PRESENT RATION BOOK are in order. Your *Identity Card* should have been signed on the left-hand inside page. It should also have your present permanent address on it. If it has not, or if you have lost your card, go at once to your local National Registration Office (same address as the Food Office), taking your present Ration Book with you. Remember it's no good going to a ration book distribution centre if your Identity Card has been lost or is incorrect.

Page 3 of your PRESENT RATION BOOK has been left blank so far. This must be filled in now. *This page must not be cut out.* Next make sure that page 36 has the names and addresses of your retailers written or stamped in the spaces provided.

DURING

During the time that the new books are being given out, the posters in your Food Office area and advertisements in your local newspapers will tell you where and when to get your book. Remember that the poster to go by is the one in your own Food Office area. It will be shown in Post Offices, cinemas and elsewhere.

When you go to get your new Ration Book you must have your present Food Book and your Identity Card with you. *Anyone can fetch your new book for you if they take your old book and Identity Card.* All the books for a household can be collected at one time even if the surnames are different. Other arrangements will be made for people who cannot possibly fetch or send for their new book at the proper time.

If you are an expectant mother and are due to go to the Food Office between now and July 23rd to get your green Ration Book renewed, you can get your new Ration Books at the same time and so save yourself a second journey. Holders of temporary (yellow) Identity Cards who have to apply for extension during this period can also get their Ration Books at the same time.

AFTER

After you have got your new book you must:

(1) Write your address and National Registration Number on the front cover of the Food Book and your name, address and National Registration Number on the front of the Clothing Book.

(2) Next remove the Clothing Book carefully and put it away in a safe place. You will not be able to use it before 1st August.

(3) Then, on page 5 of the Ration Book, write your name and address in Section A and your *present* milk retailer's name and address in Section B.

Then you must register afresh with all your retailers (except for milk), even if you wish to remain with your present retailers, as most people will. If you fail to re-register, your retailers may not be able to serve you after July 23rd. *You cannot change or re-register for milk.* Any registrations you may have made after May 21st need not be renewed.

HOW TO RE-REGISTER

(1) On page 6, write the names and addresses of the retailers with whom you wish to register. (If you know that your retailer uses a rubber stamp, you can leave this job to him.)

(2) On page 8, write your name and address in the spaces against MEAT, EGGS, FATS, CHEESE, BACON, SUGAR.

(3) Take the Ration Book to each retailer to cut out the proper counterfoils. *Don't cut them out yourself.*

If you are moving house at any time *before* July 23rd, wait to re-register in your new area.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 283

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d

REFILLS 7d & 11d (Including Purchase Tax) Prices U.K. only.

NO MESS NO WASTE

the last brushful is as effective as the first

J. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4. GD.1468

'CAMP' COFFEE

FULL STRENGTH FINE FLAVOUR

OVERHEARD IN THE WARD

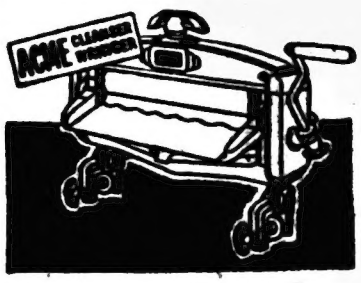
"... Things have changed a lot since I was a probationer—there's far less nonsense talked about the virtues of elbow-grease and the nobility of toil!"

"Well look at Matron here—she believes in every labour-saving device she can lay her hands on; and quite right too."

"I agree; and thank goodness she was able to get that ★Acme. I don't know what we should have done without it—there's no wash too big for it and the things come out so beautifully crisp and clean, and it works so easily."

"Well, when *I* set up house ...."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer will not be available again until after the war. Meanwhile, do not hesitate to borrow from the lucky folk who were in time to buy one.*



JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 3, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

NEW DAWN

THERE is hope again in Europe. And more than hope. There is certainty that the long night of horror is ending.

Next Monday will be the anniversary of the agony of Dunkirk. Four years have passed since we were beaten out of the Continent in circumstances that made our withdrawal a triumph.

Four years of torture and murder, of slavery and poverty, humiliation and starvation, for the peoples of the occupied countries.

Now they know that we are coming back.

In Force

We are returning to Europe with the greatest armies, air forces and navies ever assembled, with guns and tanks in fantastic numbers, with many weapons of novel ingenuity.

And with the same determination that in Italy is sweeping some of the enemy's finest divisions to disaster and death!

Real Freedom

That is why there is a new feeling, almost poignant in its intensity, throughout Europe to-day. The enslaved peoples are in good heart again.

They can be assured that we shall do more than release them from oppression, however cruel may be the price to us. When the slaughter is done, we shall still strive to help them towards *real* freedom.

It Has Begun

Freedom to revive their own democratic ways of life. Assistance to rebuild their shattered towns and ruined economies. The opportunity to share in policing the world, and—no less important—the equitable distribution of the world's riches.

We owe much to the crucified masses of Europe, and we shall repay. Already the last hour of their martyrdom has begun.

U-Boats Go Down—

Vast convoys furrow the seas with more supplies for our armies of liberation. Hardly a vessel is lost, and for every one that becomes a casualty there must be three or four U-boats destroyed by depth-charge and bomb.

Ponder that fact to grasp the astonishing and almost incredible success of our war at sea!

—Armadas Go Up

Never before, moreover, have armies been able to depend on such massive air support as is available from this "island aircraft carrier" of Britain, and from our bases in Italy and the Middle East.

Berlin bombed three times in a single day. Eight thousand aircraft in action within twenty-four hours. The enemy's communications cut, his supply lines wrecked—such tactics show the Tedder touch.

Grim Prospect

We have air superiority now. We shall gain air supremacy. That is beyond doubt.

But before we achieve a monopoly of the skies there will be battles fiercer than those which saved Britain from invasion in 1940.

The enemy has kept thousands of fighter 'planes in reserve. He will not leave most of them to be wrecked on the ground.

Look Southwards

So, too, with the fighting on land. It will be bitter, relentless, and costly.

Let those who smugly predict a German "collapse" think of the blood-stained hills and scarred valleys of Italy.

Decisive Success

The struggle there has become one of the decisive campaigns of all history. White men, black men, brown men have turned it into a decisive Allied success.

Picked German divisions have been outfought by troops from half a dozen nations. The German commander has been out-thought by General Alexander. The German supply lines have been crumpled and blasted by thousands of Allied aircraft.

But the casualties have been heavy on both sides.

Alexander Won't Stop

Kesselring's defeat is attributed by Berlin to one factor alone. He is said to have only one soldier to the Allies' five, and to be similarly inferior in the matter of guns and aircraft.

That is an exaggeration. We are superior in numbers, certainly, but not to that extent. And the nature of the country favours defence, not attack.

Clearly, too, Alexander will not break off the attack this time. He is evidently determined to give the enemy no time to take a fresh breath.

Russia is Ready

Again. Berlin is preparing the Germans for more catastrophes on the Eastern Front. It is hinting that the Red Army must be expected to sweep into Rumania.

Quite so. But even more important will be the Russian offensive on the central sector—across Poland towards Germany itself. But perhaps that is too painful an idea for the Germans to consider?

Fresh Shocks

The wizened little spokesmen of Tokyo are silent. They, too, have unpleasant news to suppress.

Our campaign in Burma has been more successful than some generals on both sides expected. The coming of the monsoon finds our front well served by supply lines, whereas the Japanese forces are marooned 600 miles from theirs.

Base Endangered

In the Pacific, the dawn-to-midnight air attack on the Japanese naval base of Sourabaya has evidently caused terrific damage. So heavy, indeed, that a second raid of the kind might render the base useless—and thereby loosen the enemy's hold throughout the Pacific.

Again, however, we must remind ourselves that the greatest battles have yet to come. To win them it may be necessary, when Hitlerism has been vanquished, to send as much as three-quarters or more of the R.A.F. to the East—to say nothing of the Army and Navy.

Balkan Scene

In the Balkans, great developments are in the making.

Tito's large forces, the gallant but unrecognised guerillas of Albania, the Greek patriots who have now solved their differences, could obviously render vital assistance to Russian, British and American armies. Rumania and Bulgaria seem ripe for plucking.

In Their Grip

In fairness to the peoples of both countries, it must be said that they are in the grip of politicians who are too timid to oppose Nazi control.

This fact should be remembered at the peace conference. And, even more important than the proposal to ensure the maintenance of peace by armed force, will be the need to remove the economic causes of war.

Prosperity

No wiser words have come across the Atlantic than the dictum that "Poverty anywhere is a menace to prosperity everywhere."

This sentiment is echoed in the British White Paper on employment, to which we refer on page 6. And we must remember that poverty is the basic cause of war.

Force and Fairness

Therefore, the world organisation of the future must be a good deal more than a political framework supported by brute force.

It must be designed to ensure economic and social equity to all nations.

Piecemeal

Bit by bit, the British Government's schemes for the future are emerging through the Whitehall fog. Sir John Anderson has even been discussing post-war taxation.

In this fifth year of war, however, it should be possible to fit the bits together. Unfortunately, the pattern they should form is still guesswork.

Cabinet Split?

We do not yet know, for example, what are the Government proposals for taxing land values, which have been preposterously inflated by the war at the expense of the general community.

Is it true that there is a division in the Cabinet on this vital problem, the solution of which will be necessary for the proper planning of industry and for many social reforms?

Pension Prod

Surely agreement on such vital matters should be delayed no longer.

The country is becoming restless at official stonewalling, quibbling and procrastination. That was made evident by the Lords' attitude last week towards the question of pensions for officers' wives. It has been evident for long in public discussions on Service grievances, the Beveridge and Uthwatt proposals, and housing.

Ministers would be wise to keep their ears to the ground!

(Continued overleaf)

WE WON

● **Seven months ago a woman turned to us in desperation. She had been refused the usual £50 income tax allowance for her two children.**

Demands made in respect of past years would have spelled finish for her little home.

Her man—husband in everything but name—was fighting in the Middle East. She looked to us.

She told us of the insurmountable barrier to their marrying, how happily they had lived together for twelve years, what a joy the two children were.

How her man made full allowance to her and the youngsters—on what ground the income tax people were differentiating between illegitimate and legitimate children.

We fought for seven months. The bout ended the other day before the Income Tax Commissioners in a distant town

An inspector argued that as there was an Army allowance for the children she did not maintain them.

We were there to tell how far short of full maintenance is a child allowance, particularly as this mother paid £1 a week to have her children looked after while she did a war job.

The Commissioners were kindly, understanding, humane. They said some of the things we wanted to say.

They fully recognised those two little children for allowance. It saves their struggling mother payments of £105 odd for the years 1940-41 to 1944-45.

Most important is the precedent we have established. But we make only one boast about it. THAT IT'S ALL PART OF THE "JOHN BULL" SERVICE.

"MY WIFE AND I . . .

wish to tender our appreciation, not only of the cheque, but of the courtesy of your representative," writes Mr. E. Short, of Walsall, in acknowledging cheque paid under "John Bull's" Free Insurance for fire damage at his home.

● Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

BIG thefts of Army stores have been reported in the last month or two from camps up and down the country. Things have got so serious that the police have been called in to help the military.

The wholesale theft of foodstuffs from a depot in the Home Counties has brought in a senior officer from Scotland Yard.

Gangs at Work

You'll read about some important prosecutions very soon. Gangs who work near the Army camps have been tempting soldiers to steal and sell blankets, underwear, cigarettes and razor blades.

In the A.T.S. the number of missing blankets, sheets and pillow-cases has soared lately.

Be on Guard

Be cautious in accepting or buying any material that looks as if it's come from Army blankets.

Extremely attractive coats for women are being made of the stolen material and the authorities are watching with a very keen eye.

Bad Packing

The thefts of cigarettes may provide some explanation to the many readers who tell us that the parcels they send to their men overseas are never received.

But the fact is that only a proportion of the missing cigarettes get into the hands of thieves. Once again we ought to repeat that losses cannot be blamed on the authorities in most cases. Bad packing accounts for more disappointments than you would ever believe.

Ban on Colour

We hear that the owner of a village hall gave permission for a dance the other day only on condition that coloured United States troops were banned.

The local people hated the ban. If what they are saying is true, the matter should be investigated. The property owner may be astonished to find how few people share his views.

Beating a Tattoo

An Army Padre recently wrote to the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association for help. He wanted to know (on behalf of a soldier) how tattoo marks can be removed.

S.S.A.F.A. took the matter up; but the information they received was rather mixed. How *can* you get tattoo marks out? A lot of men in uniform would like to know. Because tattooing, no matter how decorative, is a fashion that doesn't live long.

Two Appeals

And now for two special cases for which JOHN BULL asks further consideration. . . .

Mr. R. J. Bailey, an osteopath with an extensive practice in North London, has been directed to work in a factory storeroom. All efforts to get him released from this comparatively unimportant work have failed.

If the Minister of Labour cannot allow him to return to the care of the sick in ordinary life perhaps it can be arranged that his skill is more directly available to the men in uniform.

On the Roadside

The other case is that of Mr. Leo Sturgess, a sixty-four year-old war veteran, who has been turned out of his house in Watford. He refused to pay rent because, he says, the Council would not put his house in good repair.

Mr. Sturgess's furniture was stacked on the roadside. He and a friend kept watch over it at night. Sturgess is in the Home Guard. He served in the South African war as well as in 1914. We hope the Watford Corporation will decide to help him now.

Good Show

A JOHN BULL man who has just been into the lonely hill country of North Wales reports enormous keenness among the local Home Guard units. Last Sunday evening two or three dozen smartly turned-out men attended church parade in a village which has only a couple of hundred inhabitants.

And this at a time of the year when working days on the farms are long enough to weary anyone.

Out of Date

Down in Kent, firewatchers in one area asked for instruction time and again last winter when they had an hour or two to spare from their work on the land.

Nothing happened. Now, with every man and woman busy in the fields or in their own gardens until sunset, compulsory lectures have been started.

Carry On

Some people have been wondering at the cost of the recent rat-killing campaigns. A reader in South Shields, for instance, questions whether it was worth £150 for the local effort at Hebburn, County Durham, as only twelve rats were killed.

The answer is that these campaigns are always worth the expense. Though obvious results may be disappointing, the check on breeding is invaluable. We'd like to see more and more war on the rats.

Simple Addition

Here *is* an example of overcharging. We hear of some Canadian soldiers whose allowances to their English wives are being taxed.

Their wives are doing war-work. The enterprising income tax folk have added their wives' earnings to what allowances they draw and are taxing them on the lot.

Stop It

The tax on allowance amounts to 8s. a week in the case of one Canadian who has talked to us.

Somerset House should tell its local officials without delay that they can't tax Canadian funds in this way.

Good Tradition

No income tax is payable on the allowance that a soldier, sailor or airman makes to his relatives.

But Servicemen mustn't get the idea into their heads that this concession is theirs by right.

It is described as a tradition. It is argued that the Inland Revenue *could* come along and collect income tax on these allowances for as far back as seven years if it chose to do so.

Wales Proposes

Mr. Butlin's proposed high-pressure Holiday Camp in North Wales has caused much concern.

The Llcyn Defence Committee suggest —with able arguments—that the site could be used for a number of good things.

Good Aims

North Wales needs a settlement for tuberculosis patients, a rehabilitation centre for disabled soldiers and civilians, its Youth Movement wants Camps and Young People's Colleges as envisaged in the Education Bill, and the education authorities themselves would like the site used as a training centre for the thousands of teachers needed after the war.

Convincing Figures

Before Mr. Butlin and his private company have their way, alternative uses for the site and its buildings should be considered, especially as the Llcyn Committee does not agree that the Holiday Camp could bring lasting or real prosperity to the district.

Timeless

A petition for better sanitary accommodation at a village school in the South brought out a little past history. One mother, when asked whether she would sign, said that she remembered a similar petition twenty years or more ago when she was a schoolchild.

She was right. The matter has been brought up at regular intervals for more than a generation.

We'll Remember

Let's hope, incidentally, that the same sort of neglect will not be the fate of the report on rural housing which was published last week.

The Government Advisory Committee recommended the Minister of Health to see that after the war every landworker has a house at a rent of not more than 8s. a week plus rates. And that the homes should be up to the standard of the best available to town dwellers.

JOHN BULL at any rate will remember these bits of good advice.

POINTS OF VIEW

Not long ago the Swansea Railway Clerks' Association passed a resolution opposing the Sunday opening of cinemas for the benefit of the troops. They didn't like such activity on the Sabbath. But apparently it was all right for their representative to watch over their activities on the Sabbath. At any rate he was at the Railway Clerks' Conference when it opened the other Sunday.

★ ★ ★

Last week Mr. Brendan Bracken said paper should be put No. 1 on the salvage list. In Sheffield, a Civil Defence driver having to get four vehicles refuelled at the same station had to take four separate chits, each having a duplicate copy for filing away. Eight bits of paper instead of two.

No "Extras"

It was easy to understand farmers' reluctance last year to apply for extra harvest rations for their workers: they had no facilities on their farms for communal meals.

Now that workers can take their "extras" home, it seems mean-spirited of farmers to refuse to make applications. They are doing so. "If my men get extra rations," said one Kent farmer, "they'll be sitting under the hedge eating all day long." We can't see much likelihood of that.

Cloth Saving

The "mend-and-make-do" idea has not yet penetrated deeply enough into the bureaucratic minds of those who supply the civil defence services.

A reader has been issued with a new tunic which he does not need. "I'll make do to the end of the war," he says, "and then perhaps the other tunic can go to someone in Europe who can't get clothes."

Licence Wanted

Two Bromley ex-Servicemen, both discharged and pensioned, want to start up as builders and decorators. They applied for a Board of Trade licence in January, and people in the district promised them work.

But the licence hasn't come yet. It seems a pity not to give ex-Servicemen a chance of a job and householders a chance to get some repairs carried out.

Gentle Hint

Herbert Morrison has never been one to shirk unpleasant duties, no matter how much criticism he brings on his head. Last week, in the nicest possible way, he suggested that flag days were "becoming a little too numerous." And he said that a bit of restraint would be all to the good.

We agree. People are paying as they go with a vengeance these days, and those good-natured—but irksome—little "street hold-ups" should be reduced to a minimum.

That Voice Again

It can be embarrassing to have a famous voice. Frank Phillips, talking to a bus conductor on the way down Regent Street the other day, was conscious of a piercing look.

"Know your voice, sir," said the conductor. "Freddie Allen—I can tell by your twang."

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Propaganda battle going on inside Germany. While Goebbels dispenses optimism and confidence, German military authorities insist on gloomier propaganda to prepare people for expected shocks.**
- ***Oshima, Japanese Ambassador in Germany, head of all Japanese diplomatic missions in Europe, is said to have sent pessimistic report about Germany's chances to Tokyo. Result is his extreme unpopularity with Ribbentrop.***
- Speer has instituted an "At Once" production programme abandoning all long-term plans for German industry.
- **German claims about new and successful air defence measures are based on old idea of high altitude fighters with pressure cabins.**
- ***Best example of Luftwaffe's pre-invasion plight: the aged Ju. 87 has had to be turned into a tank-buster.***
- It's the old Stuka dive-bomber which caused so much controversy when we were weak.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

TO-MORROW'S CIVIL SERVANTS

MORE workers are to-day "pushing pens" in Government offices than winning coal from the pits—and peace will not decrease their numbers.

Civil Service methods have been a music-hall laughing-stock for years, while JOHN BULL, in the interests of the public and also for the good of the Service, has given many examples of interminable form-filling, of "passing the buck" from one department to another, and of exasperating delays to vital war work caused by official fussiness and procrastination.

These defects must be remedied if we mean to build a better Britain, for none of the great reforms we have set our heart on can be carried through without the Civil Service's loyal and *efficient* co-operation.

It is true that, with all its faults, the British Civil Service provides the best administrative machinery in the world.

For integrity and devotion to duty, our "obedient servants" have earned a character beyond compare.

Even so, the out-of-date system they try to operate is in urgent need of reform.

At least 750,000 people must be employed in it after the war is over; every extension of the State's activities will demand a corresponding increase of staff.

Hence the importance of the "Report of the Committee on the Training of Civil Servants," one of the most businesslike and practical documents ever issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office.

Its proposals go to the root of this big national problem. They touch upon every aspect of recruitment, training and practice.

Before discussing them, let us remind ourselves of three salient facts.

The first is that Civil Servants are only moderately paid at the best, and are definitely underpaid in the lower grades.

The second is that, in exchange for security and pension rights, they have to forgo most of the opportunities open to business men and women in other callings.

The third—and most important—is that most of the plums in this profession have hitherto been reserved for an "administrative class," drawn almost entirely from public schools and universities.

Tradition—hidebound tradition—plays far too great a part in the administration.

Candidates for eventual "carpets"—an office with a carpet is the prerogative of high officials alone—have stood little chance unless they wore "the old school tie" and were also good "examination wallahs."

AFTER passing the necessary social and educational tests, they were usually safe for life, lacking contact with the world of business which they so largely controlled, and tending inevitably to settle into some rigid administrative groove.

Indeed, so stiff are the Oxford and Civil Service examinations that some of these candidates' brains seem to have been exhausted in the process and to have made them incapable of reaching a clear decision on any matter referred to them!

Clearly, such a system encourages "the bureaucratic *mind*," and it is this main evil that the new Report seeks to cure.

Perhaps the most interesting proposal is that there should be a break in the routine career of the higher-grade Civil Servant in his early "thirties"—before his ideas are fixed and his habits confirmed.

The Committee suggests that he should be given opportunities to study business and industry at first hand so that he may see for himself the effect his regulations are having upon the life of the community.

It is recommended, too, that selected Civil Servants should be granted periodical leave to travel abroad and study the methods of public administration in other countries.

A further suggestion is that in all grades of the Service recruits should have a longer and more closely studied period of probation, should be taught to understand the impact of their work upon the general public, and that, by transference from one department to another or from London to the provinces, they should gain experience of the administrative machine as a whole.

JOHN BULL *goes further than this. We insist that candidates for higher administrative posts should no longer be drawn exclusively from public school and university circles, and that their entrance examinations, which are among the most difficult in the world, should be a test less of academic than practical knowledge.*

A classical education has its value, but it is *not* essential to the efficiency of a State servant.

A strictly commercial curriculum may be too limited, but it *does* equip the student to cope with business problems.

We refuse to believe that future Income Tax experts are likely to be better at their jobs either because their parents could afford to send them to Eton or Harrow, or because they are crammed with information about the habits of rare British birds!

We demand a greater effort to put the round pegs in the round holes every time.

And we cannot too strongly endorse the Committee's insistence upon "the need for Civil Servants to acquire the right attitude of consideration and sympathy towards members of the public," while adding that "this attitude should be mutual."

There is another matter of great consequence: the position of young ex-Servicemen who would like to enter the Civil Service after the war is over.

JOHN BULL does not contend that such men should be given priority *merely* because they have served in the Forces; it would not be either fair or sensible to appoint them above the heads of more suitable candidates.

But, *other things being equal*, to-day's fighting man should be given an absolutely unprejudiced chance. Indeed, he should always be given the benefit of any doubt that may exist.

This applies, of course, to women in the Services as well as men. Unfortunately, the Government has so far displayed no willingness to adapt "the system" to the times.

SIR JOHN ANDERSON has certainly said that "every care" must be taken so that ex-Servicemen and women should be "at no disadvantage in competing with civilians."

But the Treasury is still demanding the resumption of pre-war "normal competitions" to enable "properly qualified personnel at ages appropriate to entry" to obtain permanent posts!

If this means anything at all, it can only mean that preference will be given to youngsters, who have crammed to pass the necessary exams—a preference which is not only unfair, but also exceedingly unbusinesslike.

For who can doubt that experience of life, proven ability to lead one's fellows, and ability to meet the emergencies of life and death, must be worth more—other things being equal again—than any amount of stuffed academic knowledge?

Minor problems can be shelved till later. The important needs of the moment are for the Government to accept the Committee's Report in all its main features, to guarantee fair play to candidates from the Forces, and offer generous chances of promotion in the Civil Service to every useful man or woman, irrespective of seniority or social background.

"Bureaucracy"—as the enemies of progress will always call it—has come to stay. Public affairs must be increasingly administered by public servants.

Now let us be sure that we pick the best which can be found, treat them rightly, train them properly—and make it impossible for them to become our masters!

The Way of All Quislings

HAVE you noticed the silence that has descended on Major Vidkum Quisling and most of the traitors who tried to emulate him in other occupied countries?

Even before the Allied armies of liberation set foot on the Continent to clear the satelites of Hitler from their usurped position, the Nazis have virtually discarded them.

For quite a while, Germany's position has been too grave to entrust power to the fair-weather friends who helped her to subjugate Europe. Apart from the fact that they could not be trusted, the Nazis have discovered how utterly incompetent they were.

To leave countries threatened by invasion in charge of these men and their so-called governments, was a risk which even the Nazis would not take.

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They knew, for instance, that Quisling of Norway was a sick and semi-mad man whom the smallest danger of internal complications sent scuttling into a nursing home. For months now—during the most critical months in the Continent's history—not a word has been heard of him.

The original Quisling

He went to see Hitler once—and disappeared. Whether he is free, or alive, nominally in office or in retirement, the fact is that all power in Norway has passed into the hands of the German authorities.

So it is in Belgium and Holland—in the hour of danger, Hitler's favourites have been discarded and pushed into the background.

Belgium's Fascist leader, Degrelle, was once meant to be groomed as a hero. He served with the German army and was brought back from an Eastern position which the Russians had surrounded.

But instead of being quickly appointed dictator of Belgium, as he expected, he simply disappeared.

Chances of political prominence seemed even greater for the Dutch would-be dictator, Mussert, than for Degrelle. But the Nazis reckon Holland as so exposed to attack that they have not only cleared Mussert out of the way, but have transferred powers even from their own nominee, Seyss-Inquart, to the military authorities.

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In France alone, yet on a much-reduced scale, the quislings still operate. But neither Laval nor Deat have been given much prominence by the Germans lately.

Pétain is the last of the Western quislings in whose collaboration Field Marshal Rundstedt, German C.-in-C. Western Europe, sets any store!

And what is true of the West applies equally to the South and South-East of Europe. The Yugoslav quisling Premier, the Croat dictator Pavelich, and even Rumania's so-called "Conducator" Antonescu are almost forgotten men. Hacha, of Czechoslovakia, is but an evil memory.

They are scorned by their fellow-countrymen. They are ignored by the Nazis, whose boots they licked. They must be well aware that as the hour of retribution fast approaches they stand alone.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

OPEN LETTERS

The Earl of MANVERS,

Thoresby Park, Ollerton, Notts.

MY LORD,—Arguments on housing and housing needs are so common nowadays that sometimes I almost weary of the whole thing.

But I am jolted into vehement interest by your claim that the only true remedy for the shortage of working-class houses is decontrol by easy stages, a repeal of the Rent Restriction Acts, and a belated realisation of the fact that in peace time at any rate "honesty is the best policy."

"To take the profit out of housing is to take the energy as well," you add.

No reasonable person wants builders to work without profit. But it would be monstrous to suggest that the profit motive should take precedence over the country's urgent need for hundreds of thousands of new and better houses.

The slums must go. The people cramped into inconvenient "rooms" must be provided with decent, clean and economical houses.

It is the State's duty to ensure that those houses are built—and built as quickly as possible after the war. All other arguments evade this one fundamental issue.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDGAR GRANVILLE,

Independent M.P., Eye, Suffolk

DEAR SIR,—"Will women," you ask, "ever want to go back to the home, now that they have become used to Ministers doing their national housekeeping for them?"

Why, of course NOT, Mr. Granville. Our women just love queueing for a cake or a few oranges. They adore the "points game"—shall it be a tin of sardines or two tins of beans. They are thrilled by coupons—"Johnnie's shoes worn out again. What shall I do?"

They delight in using threadbare glass-cloths, darning old sheets, and ransacking the town for stockings that will last longer than a day.

They delight in the restrictions which surround them, the anxieties and cares of making the rations last, the worry of "making do," the whole miserable round of constant struggle forced on them by the war.

They are content at being managed by the State. They hate the thought of going back and running a real home free from the penury of points and the cares of coupons.

Any more funny questions?—JOHN BULL.

Alderman ALWAY,

Epsom Borough Council

DEAR ALDERMAN,—I appreciate your sense of the æsthetic in opposing the erection of portable 'bus queue shelters in Epsom High Street. Apparently their ugliness offended your civic sense of beauty.

But are they as ugly as cold, driving rain, or as ugly as sniffling, sneezing people, or as ugly as an utter lack of consideration for the men and women who must stand in the open waiting for 'buses?

The Council thought not, overrode your opposition, and decided to risk these blots on the architectural perfection of the High Street. Tired housewives and weary workers got the consideration you were ready to deny them.

When considering municipal affairs, always remember to paraphrase a Biblical axiom, that "The Town was made for Man, and not Man for the Town."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord WOOLTON,

Minister of Reconstruction

MY LORD,—The White Paper on Employment Policy, which you prepared by co-ordinating the work of a number of Ministers, makes brave reading. In it there is a confidence and an optimism which I pray the post-war years will prove founded.

The assertion that "there will be no problem of general unemployment in the years immediately after the end of the war in Europe" is a sweeping statement.

Yet, if the proposals outlined in the White Paper are carried through, there is no reason why we should not enter an era of industrial prosperity.

Critics of the Government plan will be many. Financiers, largely to blame for the mass unemployment we had in the "hungry 20's," will resent—and combat to the last ditch—the scheme to control the use of capital.

Your aim to prevent scrambles to borrow, and to avoid dear money for urgent reconstruction needs, is an admirable Target for To-morrow.

It will be argued by your opponents that the whole Government plan is based on a continuance of the State control imposed on finance and industry for the prosecution of the war. But the argument cannot stand. Because this time the control will be essential to the welfare of every family, every home in Britain.

Anticipating, as it does, Sir William Beveridge's survey on unemployment, the White Paper proves that the Ministers concerned with its contents have devoted much time and thought to the pressing problems that will arise after Hitler has been smashed.

All along I have been confident that Britain can master those problems, *so long as they are tackled from a national and international point of view.*

On this point the White Paper affirms that the Government is seeking to create, "through collaboration between the nations, conditions of international trade which will make it possible for all countries to pursue policies of full employment to their mutual advantage."

That the Government is prepared to solve the problems of unemployment and social welfare on these lines is comforting and refreshing.

Factions will fight. There will be disturbances in industry, because broad priorities will still exist. There will be other troubles, too.

Yet we know that nothing is worth while unless it is worth fighting for. The war is proving this. Above all, it proves that the nation must be the master of all—of industry, of labour, of capital, of finance.

The White Paper points the way to that happier, brighter, more stable Britain which most of us so deeply desire. At present it is only a pointer. But the pointer, I hope, will become a mighty lever, raising us all above the border line of hunger, poverty and want.

Without doubt, this document is the most heartening, the most constructive and the most far-seeing policy which the Government has given our fighting men. It should encourage them as they set out on their great adventure. And it should be regarded by us all as an earnest that the bad old days have gone for ever.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. D. H. COLE,

University College, Oxford

DEAR SIR,—Your warning that there are troublous times ahead for the trade union movement should be taken seriously by all who have at heart the welfare of the British worker.

"Unless," you declared, "the movement can adapt itself to the human issues in industry, I can see some new body rising to take up its job."

Coming from a distinguished economist like yourself, these are grave words.

The trade union movement, as it exists to-day, has been built up laboriously. It is the result of much endeavour, of great sacrifice, of immense zeal, and of burning faith. Slowly, over the years, despite setbacks and disappointments, Labour has consolidated the workers.

The capitalistic approach to industrial problems is changing. Not because the capitalistic Diehards are changing, but because the nation is demanding changes. The trade union leaders must continue to make their great movement the spearhead of the march towards the better post-war world.—JOHN BULL.

He Has Never Read a Book!

ARGUE IT OUT By Fabius

YOU don't often meet a man of twenty-three who has not read a book. I did the other night.

The talk had turned to the respective merits of Conrad and Kipling, my two favourite authors, and I had told of how I had picked up a first edition of "Traffics and Discoveries" at a bargain price.

"Fancy wasting money on books," said the twenty-three-year-old scornfully. "What's the use of books? They don't teach you how to live."

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He was slightly deformed. I learned that he had spent nearly four years in hospital when he was a boy. They were years he should have spent at school. On leaving hospital he had begun work.

That, in brief, was his somewhat piteous and pitiable history.

At twenty-three his mind was sour, his outlook bitter, and his general attitude to life contemptuous.

As a type he was interesting. He told me he was "fed up" with working in a munitions factory. What, I asked, did he want to be?

His answer startled me. "I want to be a gambler," he said. There was a hint of sullen defiance in his voice and he looked at me intently, studying my reaction.

"A gambler," I said. "Do you mean a professional gambler, just backing horses and dogs?"

"Just that," he said.

I asked questions. Yes, he gambled now. How much? Oh, as much as he had. What other interests in life had he? Oh, he liked "the girls," and he liked to drink.

This curious youth, grown to man's estate, but lacking any sign of man's mentality, confessed that he had no other interests.

He didn't read; never had read a book. He had no hobbies. He did no gardening.

In fact, apart from gambling, "the girls," and the pubs, his life was a flat, stale emptiness, void of affection, of emotion, of any cultural interest.

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I asked him would he read a book or two if I brought them. Well, he might. So the next time I met him—he and I are on the same fire guard team—I put on a table near him a Wells and a volume of Conrad's simpler tales.

He ignored them, didn't even mention them. And in the morning he vanished with a surly "Cheerio." That was all. I took back the books.

What sort of strange product was this, I wondered. What curious warp had awakened that desire to be a gambler? What home life had he had? Was there a mother, a sister? Was there no influence of virtue around him?

Behind the sullen bitterness there was rancour and envy.

What of? Did he feel cheated? Did he regard himself as having had a raw deal? Was he cherishing hopes of revenge on Society?

A problem case, this, if ever I've met one.

The Most Famous Nurse in the World

By T. S. DOUGLAS

Australia backed Sister Kenny in face of the scoffing experts

MOST nurses give a lifetime of service to suffering men and women. Very few become famous. After Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell—can you name another during the last century who has won immortality?

But there is a nurse celebrated throughout Australia, the United States and Canada. And now Sister Kenny who has revolutionised the treatment of childhood's most deadly disease—infantile paralysis—is coming to Britain.

It is not her first visit to Britain. She made more than a dozen trips from her native Australia during the Great War, as an ordinary nurse for wounded soldiers.

She had already discovered that there was no need for infantile paralysis to leave its little victims crippled for life, but it was not until twenty years later that it really attracted notice. And then much of it was negative notice.

When Sister Kenny came again in the thirties in the hope that British doctors would be more open minded than Australian ones, "harmless, but of no proved value" was about the kindest verdict on her method.

To-day matters are different. Hundreds of children walking about with healthy limbs when, according to the textbooks, they should be wearing irons or moving in bath-chairs bear testimony to her work in Australia and America.

When she went to the U.S.A. in 1940, she was greeted with reserved courtesy. To-day, she is head of the infantile paralysis clinic in Minnesota, the greatest of its kind in the world; and has been entertained at the White House by President Roosevelt, himself a victim of the dread disease.

In her native Queensland, they look upon her almost as a saint.

In Townsville three years ago, the citizens created a beautiful park and called it the Elizabeth Kenny Park. A place is put aside for her when she feels she must retire—although retirement is the thing farthest from the mind of this powerfully built woman, with the keen eyes, intelligent face and grey, bobbed hair.

I have special reason to be interested in Sister Kenny. By a curious coincidence at the same moment when the minute poliomyelitis germ lodged in my four-year-old body and left it alive but with a leg that was almost useless, Nurse Kenny was nursing her first case of infantile paralysis.

No one had ever heard of her. She was just one of those bush nurses who served scattered households in the bush of Queensland, hundreds of miles from the nearest doctor.

She was called to a child suffering from a disease she did not know. She described the symptoms carefully in a telegram to the doctor at the hospital more than one hundred miles away, asking for diagnosis and advice.

The reply came to the effect that it was probably infantile paralysis, that there was no known cure, and the case should be nursed according to her best ability.

Nurse Kenny had an unusually good knowledge of anatomy—gained, she said jokingly, through breaking so many of her own bones as a child. She noticed what no doctor had noticed before—that some of the muscles of the victim were not slack and lifeless, as the text-books said, but in a state of spasm.

She went to work to relieve the spasms. Then when that stage was over, she began to teach the child how to use his exhausted muscles, at first helping with the movement and then teaching him to think about them

Public Demand Won!

Things move slowly in the "backblocks," and it was a year before Nurse Kenny was in town, reporting at the hospital The surgeon remembered her wire, asked her how the case went. "Oh, he recovered," she said, "and so did the five other children who came down with it."

So in the most unlikely of all places, far from any hospital with its special facilities, was made one of the revolutionary medical discoveries of our time by a mere nurse!

The Kenny treatment, as it came to be called, doesn't cure infantile paralysis. There is still no cure.

But it immediately alleviated the symptoms, saved the suffering and offered the victim a prospect other than legs in irons and crippling for life.

It does not give complete recovery in every case, but it gives recovery in 90 per cent. of cases, against the average of 30 per cent. which the orthodox textbooks talk about. And that is apart from the great saving in suffering.

Ordinary folk might think a great medical discovery would be welcomed by everyone. But if you want to know just how conservative, pig-headed and even downright abusive scientists can be when faced with something unorthodox they don't understand, look at the life-story of Sister Kenny.

In fairness, there were always some doctors that were ready to learn they were wrong. And the State of Queensland, with later the Australian Government, backed Sister Kenny in face of the scoffing of the experts.

But it was more than twenty years after the original discovery that Sister Kenny got her real chance, and she then had another ten years' hard fighting.

If she hadn't invented a special stretcher—nothing to do with infantile paralysis—which brought in money, she might not have been able to afford to fight. As it is, she has had to spend many thousands of pounds in forcing doctors to watch the treatment. She has never taken fees.

Doctors didn't like it—a mere nurse telling them they were wrong A commission of doctors in Australia reported on the Kenny treatment to the tune of 300 pages, in 1938, after sitting for three years. They condemned it. But the public had already accepted it

Whatever the doctors, as a profession, might think, Queensland was spending thousands on clinics, Sister Kenny had been given the freedom of its railways, and only a year later, any patient in a public hospital in Australia, was permitted to ask for the Kenny treatment.

The Government paid her fare to England, and then, in 1940, to Minnesota, where the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis voted about £2,000 for a real test in which an equal number of victims were to be treated by the orthodox and the Kenny methods.

The parents broke up the test. None of them would let their children be treated by the orthodox methods!

After two years, during which Sister Kenny worked in the U.S.A. and trained others in her method, it was endorsed by the Medical Advisory Committee of the N.F.I.P. Doctor after doctor approved her method. There are now special courses for training doctors, nurses and physiotherapists.

But it isn't easy to learn this strange treatment in which mind and muscle are taught to work together, and it will be years before the treatment is available everywhere, even in the U.S.A., which suffers so heavily from epidemics of infantile paralysis.

Children Trust Her

Where the orthodox doctors splinted up the stricken limbs to rest the supposedly flaccid muscles, Sister Kenny applies hot fomentations to relieve the spasm and then, almost as soon as the patient is free from infection, begins to re-educate the muscles into movement.

She does this in her own unique way, and doctors have not known whether to laugh or wonder when they have seen patients only a few years old moving specific muscles in response to her suggestion and giving them their complicated Latin names.

Yes, Sister Kenny is a remarkable woman. She "has a way" with children, radiates confidence, has infinite patience, sensitive hands and great faith.

At first, even doctors who watched her at work and generously admitted her success were inclined to put it down to her personality, call it a sort of "faith healing"

But she has shown that others can be taught the method and whatever others may think, Sister Kenny is convinced it has a sound, scientific basis.

Scientific Basis

Infantile paralysis is a disease which seems to be increasing all over the world. The U.S.A. and Canada have had severe epidemics, in one of which over 1,000 cases were reported in a few years.

Research workers are only now beginning to get a glimpse of how it may be spread.

Until real knowledge of the cause of this most terrible disease enables it to be controlled as surely as smallpox, the treatment devised by this remarkable woman from the Queensland bush will be the surest hope that victims will not be condemned to life-long handicaps. And her name is never likely to be forgotten.

Peace Comes Suddenly to Dynamite City

HERE is a war story in sudden reverse. Maybe it's a warning, too—something more than a mere topic for discussion in Parliament.

It concerns a mighty war plant that has just played guinea-pig to the world's first experiment in peace.

Last year it had 2,236 workers, doing overtime on one of the most powerful explosives ever known. Now there are only seventy-seven workers—and they are mostly night watchmen.

For the explosives contract came to an end—the Allies had ample stocks on hand—and the vast vats were swept empty.

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Two thousands workers had to be given the sack. Two thousand men and women with nothing but their war savings, their new wartime homes and their children midway through term!

Some had been kept poor, paying off old debts. Others, counting on overtime ahead, had piled up new bills for winter clothing and coals.

No wonder they gathered in the streets of Nobel, Ontario, and told their trade union to get busy protesting. For Nobel, without its H.E. jobs, is just a ghost town. There are no other industries.

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It only added to their bewilderment when the Minister of Labour came on the air and broadcast that this was "the biggest lay-off in Canadian history."

What they didn't know was that the whole world was watching.

The plant could have been converted, as many of our war factories would be, but this meant time—and other problems. Nobel was actually built miles from anywhere as an explosives town, and it was suitable for little else.

The labour officials worked out a plan to convert the plant, while all the employees theoretically worked elsewhere—then they pigeonholed it.

Getting down to brass tacks, they had a scheme for giving each man a new job in another area, plus travel expenses, and not a day's pay was to be wasted in the changeover.

Resettling 2,000 people has been a big task, but it is proving successful. The labour officials have learned the snags, too, in theories that looked well on paper.

For instance, many men could not be shunted from job to job without loss of time. They mostly all needed a day or two to settle their affairs. And when they had to leave wives and children behind for a while they couldn't afford to pay two rents.

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There's been trouble, too, because free fares to new jobs didn't mean free fares for families and furnishings.

Yet the streets of Nobel to-day are silent and empty. Most of the homes have moved out. Most of the people who were happy here are now happy somewhere else. As one veteran worker said: "A change makes ye feel young!"

The lessons learned at Nobel will be applied by labour officials in every part of the Empire. They know now that it's A1 for the Armistice.

Harold A. Albert.

How Will Germany

★ She cannot be in strength in half a dozen critical points at once; yet Hitler is obsessed with fighting his battles on his enemy's territory, far from home ! ! !

By A. G. GARDINER

JUNE is here with its grim memories of June, 1940. That was our darkest, as well as our "finest" hour. It was then, on the fall of France, that Hitler executed his famous dance before his photographer. "The war in the West is over," he said. All that stood between him and the sovereignty of the world was a little mopping up.

Now his dancing days are done. He will be fortunate if he lives to see another June, and if he ever dances again it should be at the end of a rope. For the climax of the war has come, and the issue is not in doubt.

Though the general advance is not yet in full swing, the Allied strategy is clear. It is to engage the enemy, now imprisoned and in retreat, everywhere round the 5,000 miles perimeter of his fortress.

The stroke in Italy was only the first instalment of an attack that will go on all round the clock and all round the compass.

The Russian legions are gathering for their swoop into the Danube basin. Tito's gallant army is disintegrating the German front in the Balkans.

By land, by sea, and by air the whole Italian peninsula is under violent assault. In Algeria and Corsica a great French army is mobilised for descent on Metropolitan France.

In the West the mightiest armada the world has ever seen awaits the hourly expected signal to advance.

Even the Baltic front has, with the advance of Russia in the North, become vulnerable to attack, and vast defensive works are proceeding in East Prussia.

* * *

But though the Italian campaign is only an incident in the great encircling movement which is pressing in on Hitler's fortress, it foreshadows events elsewhere.

It is the first indication of the scheme of defence which is likely to be adopted against this siege of a continent.

It is the obvious policy of the Allies to disperse the enemy. The more we can keep them on the run—now east, now west, now south—the more we exhaust their staying power.

They cannot be in strength in half a dozen critical theatres at the same time. They have neither the men nor the transport for that.

If they decide—as they seem to have done—to make a major battleground of Italy they can only do so at the expense of the Western and Eastern fronts, which are militarily far more critical.

Every division and every plane and every gun that is sent to enable Kesselring to keep Alexander south of Rome means so much loss of defensive power against Russia in the east and the Anglo-American armada in the West. That is all to the good.

It cannot be attrition which is the motive. Whatever else may be in doubt, there is none on that point. Hitler could afford attrition once. But not now.

He had an overwhelming superiority of force, both in men and materials, in June, 1940. He has an overwhelming inferiority in June, 1944. We can lose 2 to 1 to him and still keep the whip-hand.

German prisoners in Italy are part of the proof of Hitler's folly

In the brutal jargon of war, we can afford to exchange and he cannot. It was Grant's ruthless exploitation of this principle that gave the North the victory in the Civil War.

* * *

What, then, is the meaning of what is happening in Italy? It suggests, I think, that Hitler's "intuitions" are still the governing factor in German strategy.

Throughout the war, and especially since the deposition of Brauchitsch before Moscow in 1941, Hitler has been in conflict with the military chiefs on all major issues—Stalingrad, the Caucasus, the Crimea, Odessa, El Alamein, and he has always been wrong.

He has been wrong because he makes facts subordinate to his wishes. His military ideas are the slaves of his prejudices and vanities. He will not cut his losses. He will not bow to indisputable facts.

No German unit must retreat, however hopeless the position. It must die on the spot, as at Stalingrad and on the Dnieper. No foot of ground once occupied must be yielded. The prestige of German arms must be maintained though the German army perish.

Even his pet Rommel was forbidden to withdraw from Alamein to a more defensible line in his rear. And Hitler might have saved his armies in Russia by the judicious withdrawals urged on him by the generals. But he would not withdraw. The generals were dismissed and the armies were lost.

Above all, he is obsessed with the idea of fighting his battles on his enemy's territory, far from home. Thus every retreat becomes a defeat. Voluntarily executed, it would have strengthened his defence. Imposed on him, it is a military disaster.

The desperate attempt to keep Rome shows that this strategy is still in the ascendant.

It is obvious that when Germany was put on the defensive a new strategy was called for. She had to draw in her horns, shorten her frontier and concentrate on home defence.

While Hitler was victorious, the possession of a conquered continent was an enormous asset. Now that he is beaten and hemmed in on all sides, it is a liability.

Not only do his enemies without grow stronger as he grows weaker: his enemies within become more dangerous. Apart from the great Anglo-Russo-American stranglehold that tightens on him remorselessly, his internal troubles multiply.

Enemy Snipers Couldn't Spoil this Com

LANDING craft had closed into the beach and had put their soldier commandos ashore.

"We'll wait a little while," the young naval lieutenant told the major, as he waded into the shallow water of the Mediterranean.

"The town looks as if it is empty. But we'll do a patrol, and give you the gen."

Like many of the small seaside and harbour towns on the coast of Italy, this particular one was shell torn. The only place that seemed to have escaped the heavy sea fire was a Gothic-styled church tower.

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The major and his men made a search of the town. At the point of the bayonet, and with tommy-guns held at the ready, they searched every house, cellar and building.

An hour later the major went back to the LST which had brought him along.

Over a cup of tea in the wardroom he told the lieutenant in charge of the small flotilla that the town was empty.

"You can anchor out a little way and have a good night's sleep," said the major, as he left. "We'll be back tomorrow." Less than an hour later, when the skippers of the LST's had got their "heads down," action stations were sounded.

Accurate shelling began. The first, an 88,mm. landed astern of the LST nearest the shore. The second straddled it, and by the time the third landed, it would have scored a direct hit. But the Navy move fast. The LST had started for a new anchorage.

Immediately the three ships had moved the firing ceased. As suddenly as it begun.

Anchors had dropped when the shelling started. Three times the LST's moved. Three times they were shelled.

"This is a bit bloody," said the lieutenant.

So he sent a signaller ashore to find the major, who said the town was empty. . . .

And the major's explanation, as he sipped a gin in the wardroom, was quite simple.

"Well, we searched the town," he said, "and as we found nothing or anyone—why even the inhabitants had gone—I came to the conclusion that the enemy had moved out. They with their usual thorough left behind a small O.P. p

★ ★

"After we had establis H.Q.," went on the major, reclining at his ease. command and myself tho take a look round. We the church tower."

"A damned fine view f said with a laugh. "But my last one. Someone w it was not our boys. I patrol again. This time outskirts of the town. learn by experience, and we learnt. We found a gave orders that no one I knew from its position clear view of the church.

"We gave it a cursory continued the major. walked away. It was obv one on the top had seen want them to start anyt

"An hour later we cam us stormed the place. Up we found a German sig a radio set and a sig

Fight?

The Balkan bastion is crumbling under the heroic deeds of Tito's army no less than under the hammer blows of the Allies without. How shaky it is is evidenced by the collapse of the Bulgarian Government at a word from Russia and the healing of the internal differences in Greece at the inspiration of this country.

The underground movement with which Europe is tunnelled from end to end is ripe for action, and only awaits the signal from this country to burst into flame. Perhaps that signal will have been given before these lines appear.

It cannot be long delayed, and there will be no more formidable contribution to the destruction of Hitler's jerry-built empire than that of the Fifth Column of the Allies which garrisons every nation on the Continent.

* * *

When and where the decisive battle will come it is idle to speculate. It may be delayed by a serious check to the main invasion operation. We must be prepared for that possibility. If that serious check comes it will delay the decision. But it will not alter it.

The massive and co-ordinated power of the Allies gives assurance of that. So also does the fury against the tyrant that blazes in the heart of Europe.

Weak, forlorn and alone in those desperate June days four years ago, we have, under the most inspired guidance this country has had since the days of Chatham, grown from strength to strength.

Powerful and terrifying four years ago, the enemy has grown relatively weaker, largely by the self-inflicted wounds of a blundering strategy.

What would he not give to-day, when he stands alone, and we do not, for those millions of the cream of his nation whose bones lie scattered on battlefields in foreign lands?

He is going to need those men sorely in the next weeks, not to conquer the world, but to save his country from the most smashing defeat in history. *And they will not be there.*

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...amination," ...d then we ...s that some- ... and I didn't ...g.

...ack. Five of ...the top room ...corps officer, ... The cor-poral tried to run for it. He got his. "The officer was young. He was an arrogant swine, but one had to admire his courage. He told us that he had been ordered to remain in the town. But that wasn't all. He had been relieved every four hours by two other men.

"He was rather bitter about his gunners' shooting, and said he had given them three tries, but you'd been too quick.

"An hour later, after we had taken the captain away, I and another man remained. Sure enough, the relief came. They wore their uniform, and we saw them marching down the street, chatting away in German. They climbed up, opened the door, saluted and then—well you should have seen their faces, when they realised they were captured."

— ★ ★ ★

Some time later, the major left the LST. He felt he had vindicated himself . . . and with the Navy men he had. . . .

"We will take you back," shouted the lieutenant, "but this time we keep a little on the move . . . there may be another water tower your boys haven't found."

BRYAN REYNOLDS.

I'M PART OF THE INVASION

"I'll be pretty browned-off if I'm not in the first sticks over!"

By a Paratroop—as told by JOHN CASHEL

ONE HUNDRED and one times now I've been airborne as a paratroop as our transport roars down the runway and lifts its hefty nose . . . one more time in my long, long trip from our birth in 1940's summer to Invasion Day!

And each time now I ask myself: "Will the Next be the Day?"

Funny how that next-time feeling gets on my nerves. The fitter you are, they tell us, the less you fear. But it's not that sort of fear I mean.

It's that I've dropped and dropped—and waited; and somehow get a feeling something may cheat me of being in one of the first "sticks" over the water when the big day comes.

It's that keyed-up expectancy which gets me, with something terrific "in the air."

And being boxed up here in our transport doesn't help any. Thank heaven for the chap who thought of the paratroop's song . . . and for "Rusti," the farmer's boy next to me. He's dropping number one, so has just chalked on his helmet: "Don't tell mother—I'll go."

Rusti's also a joyful reminder that the best joke of all to-day is the joke on "Jerry."

Sense of Humour

Rusti was seventeen when the joke began, helping his mother and sisters run their farm down Dover way. They'd their pitchforks and shotguns already in case "Jerry" parachutists came—the lot who were so kind to the little Dutch and Belgians!

But they didn't come . . . and it's they who are having the nightmares.

Oh, what a pity they can't see us now—rearing along to put a bit of extra spit and polish on our split-second skill by seizing an airfield like one we're hoping will be on their side of the water next time.

I can't help feeling good. The boys keep punctuating my thoughts with our song:

So come sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten this last fond adieu,
Please remember the poor parachutist,
And the job he is going to do.

Funny how our sense of humour seems to get us farther than "Jerry's" hymns of hate get him, but he never did understand our fun. So we can hardly expect his airfield guards to appreciate the story of German chief mate Munte. Munte was sorry he left the Reich Navy's hideouts for occupied territory, because one night he was sitting in his office and "saw things."

A slight noise made him turn to the door to see them. They were two grinning shapes in khaki with black faces, pointing pistols at him. Staggering to his feet he rubbed his eyes, but that did not send them away.

Indeed one stepped toward him. That was too much for him. His knees gave way and, fainting, he collapsed on the floor. Lucky he couldn't resist, because he awoke—alive. A captive. It was no vision he saw.

Somebody beside me has been yarning about a German sentry we got on one paratroop raid.

He told us that when we disturbed him he was being cursed by an agitated garrison major over the telephone because the row at the sentry's end was drowning the conversation.

That ham-headed major couldn't see the joke. The poor sentry was doing his best to say our chaps' grenades were bursting all around his post; but he couldn't make himself understood before we captured him.

I could tell the "Jerries" of some others who weren't lucky enough to be captured . . . but our pilot's throttling back now, and here's the signal: "Prepare for action."

In a jiffy my idle thoughts on invasion have gone, and I'm at my station.

There's the furtive glance over my shoulder to see my chute's still there! And the old grin I give Rusti as he goes down number one.

In another split-second my legs are dangling through the gaping hole and, as I go through, are blown from under me by the slipstream, so that I'm floating flat out to the ground.

In two to three seconds there's a tug at my shoulders . . . the rip-cord attached to the 'plane has torn the cover off my chute and its fast-opening silk umbrella steadies my fall.

Now I have a few seconds to take in the scene. Swarms of little umbrellas and dangling men are around me—I've never seen so many before.

Behind the Smoke

Last of the fighters and fighter-bombers, which have softened up things for us, are screaming about shooting-up and blasting just out of our way as we float down.

A wall of protective smoke lays in front of where we're dropping.

Bump . . . a grass landing isn't so bad as the bomb craters I'll be hoping to miss soon.

Harness off . . . knife, tommy-gun, grenades I've got . . . now for that container with the demolition, signalling apparatus and heavier arms.

I help to lug it over to the forming-up place just over there by the gully as we saw it pin-pointed on our models. I may really need such a gully—next time!

Now the whole assault party's in battle formation and moving off to the attack. Clever "Jerry" can fog you by moving the position of his guns overnight, but he can't shift that control tower we're after.

We're edging nearer to it, and somebody's blowing a whistle as a signal for us to make a run for the tower.

Now we're shouting "Surrender!" and "Hand hoch!" and I'm in the thick of a pretty rough imitation of a scrap inside the tower before a Verey light goes up signalling its capture.

It Won't be Easy

Ah, the sky's now full of more of the Airbornes. Here they come—the gliders with their composite air-landing company.

Their tow-planes roar away after releasing their trains; and the gliders, circling into the wind, touch down with a faint swish.

We'll need 'em in plenty, we paratroops, to help us finish mopping up the enemy and to prepare for the terrific counter-attack that'll come when we go across the water to support the bridgehead.

We boys have no soft illusions that then it will be as easy as the last-hour mock battles we've been fighting.

But we've a record that gives us no inferiority complex. We started darned late; and we hand "Jerry" a bouquet for Crete, though we don't make any of the mistakes he made there despite all his long start.

We paratroops don't get killed in scores as his did because our chutes fail to open properly—not one in thousands of us, even learners, end up that way.

We don't because of some failure in the mechanism of our dropping apparatus, catch fire as we leave our transports, and become tufts of fire and smoke and are burned to death as we fall.

We managed it better than that at Bruneval in the Desert and Tunisia, in Sicily (where at Catania the wind and not "Jerry" beat us) and in Italy.

Now we're for the Western bridgehead. Somewhere there Rusti and I and the rest of us will be settling like a cloud of locusts on "Jerry's" aerodromes and other key nerve-centres.

But I don't ask myself what or where. Only when—for after all this feeling of next-time-up-will-be-it, I'll be pretty browned-off if I'm not in the first sticks over!

Young Standish was growing up a "queer" boy. Books, books, books, all day long

When Fame Came to Thrush Vale

By Will Scott

THE afternoon before his daughter Emily had her first, Jabez Port eased up from the green gate, where he'd done a bit of thinking, and went away from the little farm, through the woods to the village church, two miles off, and had a look at them all in their melancholy rows.

There was Parker Port, "of this parish," who departed this life at the age of seventy-three. Jabez's father. There was William Standish Port, "of this parish," who departed this life at the age of eighty-one. Jabez's grandfather. There were dozens of them, male and female, very young as well as old, going right back to Ebeneezer Port in 1608. He had started it all locally, and where the Ports had come from before that nobody knew.

Young or old, ancient and modern, all the Ports in the little ancient churchyard had one thing in common. They were all "of this parish." Which made Jabez Port do another bit of thinking.

But they were old thoughts.

Three hundred years and more, and this was as far as they'd got. . . .

Season succeeding season, crop succeeding crop, cabbage after cabbage! A stern look settled down on the face of Jabez, and forty or fifty years late he started the fight he ought to have begun as a boy.

"Lucky" Port they sometimes called him. He had been a bright boy, quick at figures, quick with his words. In other parts of the land there would have been somebody to tell his parents that he would go far, that he would "do things."

But in this sleepy hollow there had been nobody. The Ports had always gone from the cradle to the land, from the land to the grave, and nothing beyond this had ever been in question.

The bright boy had become a bright man, bright for those parts at all events. He had made two cabbages grow where one had grown before. But now, on the threshold of grandfatherhood, he was still "of this parish," and knew he always would be.

For himself, he had started the fight too late. But he hadn't started the fight for himself.

Sorry for the departed Ports in their melancholy rows (and not even thinking that he was sorry for himself) he walked back through the woods to the little farm and settled his elbows on the green gate again and looked at the house.

"Of this parish . . ." Big people, the Ports were, in the sleepy hollow, but if you asked about them in London or New York or in any other of the big places—yes, and even in Bellminster, not forty miles away—there'd be nobody to know what you were talking about.

YET men from places as obscure had found the poles or come upon new drugs, won great battles, and written great books. It didn't matter where you started from, so long as you started.

Late, but not, he hoped, too late, Jabez Port realised his mistake.

"There'll be hell's bells ringing," he told himself, "but it's going to be different for him. That is," he added wistfully, "if it is a him."

It was.

And that, although nobody ever knew the details, was the real beginning of the career of Standish Brown, Emily's first, who arrived that night.

Yes, hell's bells rang all right, and for a long time. Neither Emily nor John Brown, her husband, could see the sense in Jabez's rambling talks. If men wanted to find poles and win great battles and build great dams . . . well, let them. Be thankful for them. But where did *they*, the Browns of Thrush Vale, come into it?

Young Standish had everything set for him. A big-enough farm, a comfortable life, something to look forward to, and, when he was old, something to look back on.

"Which is where you're wrong," said Jabez.

But neither Emily nor John could see what Jabez was getting at.

So Jabez stopped arguing. Instead, he took the little boy for long walks and talked to him, and from somewhere or other borrowed books for him, and once he went and had a long talk with the schoolmaster in the little ivy-covered village school.

The local result of which was that everybody within a mile would have told you that young Standish was growing up a "queer" boy. Books, books, books, all day long. He didn't take "no proper interest" in the land and the stock. There were those who reckoned he would come to no good.

When the boy was nearing his tenth birthday Jabez had a word with John and Emily. A lot of words.

"Time he left the village school," he said. "He's too bright for there. Time he went over to Bellminster—to the grammar school there."

Sadly, for Jabez's influence on the life of their small son was wearing for them, John and Emily wanted to know where the money for "all this nonsense" was coming from.

"Ye-e-es . . ." drawled Jabez, as if he'd had so many other things to think about that this detail had slipped his attention.

And he went away home and turned up the corner of his Sunday newspaper, where they were offering twenty-five pounds if you could get the crossword right. He lit the lamp, and didn't go to bed till the East was pale. And three weeks later he took a cheque for twenty-five pounds to John and Emily.

"Reckon they didn't call me 'Lucky' Port for nothing," he said. "Here's something, and the boy can start at the grammar school, Christmas term. Reckon it shan't cost you two anything."

And so the education of Standish Brown began. And in some such fashion it went on. First the grammar school over to Bellminster and then St. Cyp's. Thrush Vale saw him only at holiday time, was startled by his clothes and his way of walking and his way of talking, chattered about him a lot and then gave him up.

It would have been (went the opinion of Thrush Vale) a tragedy if he had been the only one. But John and Emily had others, blackbirds of the right colour, who knew when cabbages were cabbages and what land was for.

Others . . . "of this parish."

So that everybody seemed satisfied.

And when Standish left St. Cyp's and went up to London, to Fleet Street, to become a cub reporter on a great daily, his parents didn't even grumble. They had more important things to think about. Standish was more or less written off.

BUT if people who had been away for a time, and couldn't be expected to know, stopped Jabez in the lanes and asked how that young grandson of his was getting on, and where he was, and what he was doing, Jabez always seized his moment and propped his walking-stick up against a tree and began:

"Didn't you know? He's up in London. He's a *writer*. Oh, yes. A *writer*, young Standish. You'll be reading his books one day. You'll be seeing his name big in the newspapers."

And then he'd laugh. And when the people who'd been away for a time asked him what the joke was, he'd say:

"The first of us. The very first of us, you know."

And once he walked through the woods to the village church and had another look at them in their melancholy rows.

"Don't know where it'll be," he said to himself, thinking of the boy, "but reckon it won't be here. Reckon there'll be a statue."

And he turned out of the little churchyard smiling.

Sometimes there were awkward moments—or they would have been awkward if Jabez had been a little less "of this parish."

"What books has your grandson written?" the curate's wife asked Jabez one day. "I shall be going over to the library at Bellminster on Thursday."

"Well, not exactly books, ma'am," replied Jabez. "Not what you'd call books. Well, not yet."

"But I thought he was a writer?"

"Oh, yes, he's a writer, right enough. Only, for books—well, they've got to be written, you see, and that takes time. To be what they call a big noise which is what Standish is going to be. You'll see. Us Ports have been, like, doomed to make nothing but a mighty silence. But Standish is different. Oh, you'll see all right. You'll be seeing his name big in the newspapers."

"Then what——?"

"Well, to be going on with, he's a great man on the *Daily Sphere*."

"Oh, really?" said the curate's wife. "Now, isn't that splendid? The *Daily Sphere*? I mustn't forget to get a copy when I'm in Bellminster on Thursday and look for his writings."

AND she got her copy of the *Daily Sphere* and looked for the writings of Standish Brown, and quite possibly read them (if she read the police court reports and the inquests and the election meeting accounts), but when she looked for his name she saw nothing.

The things that Standish Brown wrote were always headed "By Our Staff Reporter."

Which you might almost have expected to find followed by those other words—"of this parish." Although that never occurred to anybody.

Before very long the curate's wife forgot all about Standish Brown. So did most other people. He wasn't even a name on a tombstone. He was no longer "of this parish."

The Chief asked: "How's that new man shaping?"

The news editor of the *Daily Sphere* asked: "Mean young Standish Brown?"

(Continued on next page)

This Week's Short Story

Great is Our Freedom of Choice

THERE'S good in us all and there's bad in us all, and we can be either cruel or kind. We can spoil our bodies through living wrong and we can do lasting harm to our mind. Or we can turn away from life's evil things and do what we know to be right. We can live in the ugly shadow of sin or go forward under God's light.

There's good in us all and there's bad in us all, and habit is very strong. And it's easier to forsake the right way and to slide down into ways that are wrong. But the habit of goodness shapes our soul as the habits of sin betray. How refreshed and replenished is the heart that goes bravely along life's way.

THERE'S good in us all and there's bad in us all. How great is our freedom of choice, for we can serve the devil and lose our soul, or heed the call of the immortal Voice.—J. M.

HUMAN MACHINE

Chinese He Say

● Do you remember that series of advertisements before the war which began "Confucius he say . . ."?

It was stated at the time that the Chinese eventually protested to the Americans, who began them, on the grounds that they were ridiculing someone who was a great national figure, and misrepresenting one of the greatest minds the world ever knew. Anyhow, the advertisements died the death.

Confucius said quite a lot—but nothing that was humorous. It can, indeed, be said of few men as was said of Confucius, that "he intellectually formed and morally directed one-third of the globe for twenty-five centuries."

And yet, despite this astonishing influence, his philosophy was quite simple—the practice of sincerity, modesty, conscientiousness, courage, courtesy, and respect for others.

"Shall I teach you the meaning of knowledge?" he asked. "When you know a thing, to recognise that you know it; and when you do not, to know that you do not know—that is knowledge."

And could you go deeper than this? "The wise man, in his attitude towards the world, has neither predilections nor prejudices. He is on the side of what is right."

And of all his sayings, of which there are many, you cannot possibly better the terse remark: "The self-restrained seldom err."

There is more wisdom in that one remark than in many ponderous tomes.

The Chief said: "Is that the name?" The news editor slowly filled his pipe. "I've had 'em worse."

"You've had 'em better?" asked the Chief.

"Oh, I've had 'em better."

He puffed away and lifted his knees on to the edge of his desk.

"Nice boy," he said. "Willing boy. Don't quite know how it is, but he doesn't seem to ring the bell. *Bright*, mind you. But the trouble is, he lets people ride over him, somehow. Quite likely he'll be firmer later on.

"Seems to have more money than he earns, so that he doesn't need to earn hard enough. Don't know where it comes from. I'd say he'd had things made a bit too soft for him at the start.

"Ambitious parents, maybe. Brought the boy up with the idea that he's different—you know how it is. Chuck 'em into the pond and *make* 'em swim; that's the only way. That's the way it was with me."

"Has he had a real chance?" asked the Chief.

The news editor lifted his knees down and glared.

"One given him, you mean?" He laughed. "I never had. There's other boys waiting for me who never had. They made their chances. I made mine."

"I should give him a break, all the same. May be something there."

"O.K.," said the news editor. "It's for you to say."

And when the Chief had gone he rang a bell and had young Standish Brown sent in.

"There's something just come in," he said, "which may mean a big chance for you. I want you to go down into the country and cover it. Old boy's just won £20,000 in the Irish Sweep and £2,000 in a football pool. Two tops in one week—never been done before. Lives in a hole called Thrush Vale somewhere in the west and never been out of it, they say. Known as 'Lucky' Port. Ought to be good for two columns if you're smart. And don't forget to get a photograph."

Diary of a Homeless Wife

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

MR. WILLINK, Minister of Health, is a busy man. But I think it would be worth his while to read this simple account of a national scandal.

It was written by a young wife, and I have satisfied myself that its facts are correct. Here it is:

We chose our house. It was just what we wanted. A semi-detached, on the outskirts of London. The lease was in our hands ready to sign, and then—war.

We let the house go, because we had no idea where the fortunes of war would lead us. I spent my wedding night at my parents' home. My husband was at the other end of the country. A week later he sent for me. A friend had offered us rooms. It was heaven—a chance to be together.

Within a month he was transferred to another part of the country, though a billet would be found for us both.

No Children Allowed

Our troubles, which have lasted for nearly five years, began on that day.

The first billet was miles away from my husband's work—transport finished before he did at night.

His evening meal was saved for several hours, and then dumped in front of him—soup, meat, sweet and a cup of tea, all at once, so that he had no appetite for any of it, even had it been warm.

We had to wait until the rest of the house had gone to bed, as our room was really a converted passage through which they must pass.

For a fortnight I trapsed the streets, seeking lodgings to match our purse, and at long last found two rooms with a converted kitchen at the top of a house.

The landlady was charming—a deeply religious woman; we were thankful to be taken into the home of a Christian. But here we learned the difference between practised and professed Christianity. That woman turned us out as soon as she knew I was going to have a baby.

We were fortunate. We found a "flat." Two rooms in a converted house, with a communal bathroom—always looked as though it was open, not only to the house, but to the street as well—and a kitchen that had been made out of a large cupboard, and had no window.

But we were happy. We had our own front door, and we'd already learned its value. "We can manage," we thought. "We're together, and we're lucky."

But the doctor, visiting me just before the baby was born, put his foot down. "You can't bring a baby back here," he said.

Forcibly Separated

We thought we had a month. But the baby didn't wait. It was born the following week, and I can still see a distracted husband worrying about the collapse of Belgium, the lack of accommodation, and the fact that I was badly neglected and half-starved in the nursing home.

Before the child was a fortnight old, I was home-hunting again. We received a 'phone call from the agent. "Have you your car there? A woman has just left here to walk to a flat—you could just get there first. . . ."

We beat her by a house length, and had no compunction—our need was dire.

But, though we agreed to take a three-year lease, the landlord put every difficulty in our way. The flat had three gardens, and though we were on the ground floor, we couldn't have access to any. The baby, provided he agreed to let us bring it here—would have to be content with the drive; would I like that?

I didn't care. Neither did my husband. He just lost his temper and, as sometimes happens with a bully, it worked. We got the flat.

We had to buy furniture, but the outlay of all our little capital was nothing compared to getting a roof over our heads.

We moved in. It was a beautiful sunny day. Life was wonderful. . . .

That evening the siren wailed, heralding the battering of the city. In six months we hardly spent an evening in our flat, and then my husband was moved again.

We were fortunate in getting rid of the flat. But we had to get out straight away—that was three and a half years ago, and I haven't seen my furniture since.

We found a room in the home of an elderly couple, but the child got bronchitis from sleeping in a damp bedroom. The billeting officer took us into her own home for a few nights, then passed us on to someone else. By this time we were feeling like strays.

We were glad to move away from that area, though once more we had to go into rooms. For over two years we almost forgot the meaning of the word bath. If we were lucky we had one a week—sharing the same water.

In this period we moved three times, and paid up to two and a half guineas a week for two rooms.

Eventually we had a little peace when a soldier's wife took us in. But her life was plagued by her landlord, who resented this attempt to make both ends meet.

Finally, we had to get a house, because I was expecting another baby. There was just one. It was furnished. We

Many more houses like these are wanted to provide more homes

resented paying the extra rent, as well as storage costs, but had no choice.

The house hadn't been lived in for years. The owner wouldn't clean it. The rent was high, but reasonable, as the house was good once it was cleaned.

We took a lodger to make both ends meet. As soon as we were settled, the agent intimated that our lease would not be renewed. The house will let for more money now it is all cleaned up.

So, at length, the bogy separation has caught up with us, and we have had to split up our home—for no one will take two children. Now my husband is in rooms, and I have gone to my mother's home.

One Among Thousands

We don't want anything elaborate—just a house where we can be free to live our own lives without the sword of "notice to quit" over our heads all the time.

We can't afford to buy, and we can't afford a large rent. All our money has gone in continuous moving, and high rents for poor rooms. . . .

Well, Mr. Willink, there it is—one experience that could be matched by thousands of others. And when the troops return there will be millions—unless the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Works persuade the Cabinet to tackle the housing problem *now*!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. V. Wells, Little Horton Lane, Bradford, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information is invited for inquiry about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

NO HAPPY RETURN TO CIVVY STREET

EX-SERVICEMEN are experiencing delay and disappointment when seeking jobs in "Civvy Street."

Take the case of Mr. G. E. Barrett, of Highbury Park, London, N. After almost four years' service with the Forces, he was discharged with a pension of 17s. 3d. a week.

★ ★ ★

Suffering from an internal complaint, this man explained to Employment Exchange officials that he needed light work in the open-air. Nothing happened until a friend offered him a start in the car-hire business. There was a car which Barrett could drive and so earn a decent living for his family.

The car-licence authorities raised no objection; "Certainly you can have a licence," they said. The doctor said: "Go ahead, that is the ideal job for you."

By now this man's hopes were rising, at last it seemed that a job was in sight, but he had not reckoned with the Regional Petroleum officer, to whom he had to apply for petrol coupons.

That application was made on February 10. Then followed weeks of anxious waiting. Many letters were sent and many telephone calls were made, but the wheels of officialdom grind slowly.

The Regional Petroleum officer wrote, on April 25, saying that he was "unable to issue petrol coupons to you for a car-hire business."

It took almost three months for this decision to be reached!

★ ★ ★

So officialdom triumphed, and Mr. Barrett, with a job ready for him, has been forced to incur debts during those long weeks while waiting for permission to work at a job for which he was fitted.

That this sort of thing can happen now—when there is only a trickle of ex-Servicemen coming back into "Civvy Street" arouses uneasiness. What will happen when many thousands are discharged from the Forces?

Voice of the Troops

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Born and bred in the jungle, the Ghurka outfights, outwits and outlasts the Japs

HERE is a tribute to the Ghurkas in a letter from Pte. F. Gildon, Seaforth Highlanders, to his family at Scott Hall Grove, Leeds, 7:

The Ghurka is a man born to the jungle, and for that reason he can live in it and on it like none other. He finds his way about in the wildest country, as if possessing some extra instinct that we seem to lack.

One of the late Wingate's units of which I was a member was composed of Ghurka and British troops. There was a period when our supplies failed to arrive, and if it had not been for Johnny Ghurka teaching Tommy Atkins how to live in the jungle the white soldier would probably not have survived the ordeal.

. . . British and Indian troops have fought and beaten the Japs in many a clash, and this is a striking achievement when it is realised that the British are fighting in a country that must be terrifying to any men not born in it.

Inside Story

Inside a tank in battle! This is how it seems to Cpl. W. Benson, who writes to a friend at The Butts, Frome, Somerset:

The heat and the throbbing of the engines; the dust that is somehow getting through your goggles into your red-rimmed eyes; the taste of petrol, oil and sand in your throat—all these things tend to make you feel drowsy and very, very thirsty.

When the enemy ironclads are sighted then the battle is joined, guns blazing furiously on every side, with every commander looking for just one thing—the tell-tale column of blue-black smoke that always goes up from a tank when it receives a direct hit.

But that is not the end, for both sides know it takes longer to train a good tank soldier than to build a tank. That's why the machine-guns begin to rattle, spraying the escaping crew as they crawl out of the blazing machine.

Inside our tank conditions are hotting up. Sweaters and shirts needed at dawn have long since been peeled off. The tank crew is firing and loading, driving and giving orders; working in nothing but shorts and goggles. The oil-laden air is oppressive; there is a stench of cordite fumes.

That is how a tank battle goes, and the greatest consolation is that it seldom lasts after nightfall.

And when it is over? The crews camp and sleep beside their vehicles after they have replenished petrol and ammunition and serviced the tanks in readiness for the following day.

Tenacious Japs

News of the fighting on the Burma front is given by Pte. F. McLean, Ambulance Unit, India Command, now in hospital owing to wounds, in a letter to a friend at Park View Road, Bolton, Lancs:

You have probably read of the Jap's method of trying to break through in raiding parties and attempting to smash our lines of communication. Well, this time he dropped a stinker, but eventually he had to pay heavily for it.

However, he surprised us at the moment, which happened to be in the middle of the night.

I dashed into the Medical Inspection room (a tarpaulin supported by poles), and the next thing I knew was that the little yellow men were gathering at the entrance—and they were not on Sick Parade!

They were firing wildly, and I am still wondering how they managed to miss me. Probably they mistook me for one of the fixtures!

Something had to be done about it, so I made a jump for an ambulance standing alongside. One of the M.T. Sepoys was trying to start it up, but the engine was cold. It was at this moment when I was sitting on the front seat that one of the Japs trotted forward carrying his bayonet and grinning from ear to ear, but it wasn't a friendly grin!

Was I scared, or was I! When he started lunging about with his bayonet my heart was in my mouth and I stuck my knees under my chin, as if to keep it from falling out.

Anyway, it was lucky for me, as I got the bayonet only in my legs instead of my tummy.

At this critical moment the ambulance engine decided to behave and started up. So away we went, with the yellow blighter running alongside for the first few yards, but we managed to "drop" him.

Then, when we had gone about a quarter of a mile, the engine conked out again! Happily, there was no sign of pursuit, so I got out, and after what seemed like many hours I managed to crawl to a medical tent, and was later pushed off to hospital.

I've lost all my kit and some blood, but what I am particularly annoyed about is a couple of bottles of beer I left in the mess tent. They are treasure hard to come by! I have marked them down as "Lost or drunk in action."

We are well looked after in hospital, and I am doing daily exercises to get my leg muscles working without them feeling as if they had been kicked by a mule.

Discreet Retreat

Elephant-hunting in Ceylon while on leave brought excitement to Flt./Sgt. S. Taylor, R.A.F., and a few pals, but the laugh was with the elephants. He writes to his family at Mynachdy Road, Cardiff:

The first afternoon we had walked no more than a mile along the main trail from the village when we heard a noise in the undergrowth. We went to investigate and found a water-hole where the animals come to drink. We crouched down with our rifles at the "ready" and kept quiet.

We heard branches breaking—but we couldn't see a thing.

Suddenly an elephant poked his head through the tall undergrowth across the water, not thirty yards away, and he was followed by his family and friends.

Now, wild elephants don't look a bit friendly, and it then dawned on us that the ordinary rifle is about as effective against them as a pea-shooter. So we made a hasty retreat, and owing to good luck rather than judgment managed to hit the main trail, and so began to breathe again.

We got back to camp before dark; had a bathe in the river and then settled down to our first real camp meal—smoky tea, corned beef and dry bread. It was a feast!

Convoy Got Through

There is plenty of excitement and danger on a convoy trip to Russia. A.B. E. Rummens writes to his sister at Witton Road, Liverpool, telling her all about it:

Ours must have been one of the largest convoys ever sent to Russia, and it was a grand sight when we set off.

For many days things were quiet and monotonous, but that ended when an aircraft identified as hostile flew outside the convoy and, after making a circuit, flew off home with full particulars.

After that we knew that we should be "for it," and we had not long to wait. That Sunday morning enemy submarines were our first visitors, and the Sabbath calm was rudely disturbed. Two of them were sunk.

Later, Junkers appeared and started to drop their stuff, but we fought them off and brought down a few.

Things were now getting lively. Then swarms of dive-bombers and torpedo aircraft came at us and the attack was terrific. We got a bit of a hiding, but we fought back and gave them something to think about.

For two days and nights they were after us, then fog came to our aid and gave us a twenty-four-hour break, then the enemy found us again later, but did little damage.

The last two days of the trip were as quiet as a pleasure cruise, and at last we were tied up in dock, with the Russians already busy unloading supplies. They made a fuss of us.

Altogether a good trip, with plenty of excitement on the way.

Slight Mistake

That a miss is as good as a mile is the opinion of Gnr. P. L. Chew, R.A., India Command, who writes to his parents at Beeches Green, Stroud, Gloucestershire:

Enemy aircraft came over and attempted to pepper our gun sites, but we have been lucky, and my only spot of trouble was due to a slight mistake with our own gun.

We were about to fire, and I was in front of the gun lifting up the camouflage net, when the layer mistook an order and fired sooner than I had expected! Fortunately, I had my back to the gun, but I caught the draught.

I was knocked flat, my shirt was torn to ribbons. I gingerly felt my back, expecting to find parts of it missing, but I escaped serious hurt. All the damage I suffered was a slightly split skin, which was O.K. in three days.

The incident scared the rest of the gun crew, and I was the only one who seemed to enjoy breakfast that morning.

Comradeship of the Seas!

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

AS one by one their countries were overrun, ships and seamen made their way to British harbours.

Those days happily are past, and the United Nations head for a victory made possible only because of the Allied overwhelming strength in merchant shipping tonnage!

Before this war certain shipowners pleaded that "foreign competition" made difficult, if not impossible, any improvement in pay or conditions afloat; at times these unworthy gentry even made reductions in pay and shut their eyes to the deplorable state of deteriorating conditions of officers and men.

Now that victory is in sight, the seamen of Britain, Denmark, Norway, France, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Greece and other genuinely maritime Allied countries are resolved that never again will they be the victims of "foreign competition" to the extent that the general level of the sea life is below that ashore!

One thing is certain: British seamen will never again countenance deplorable conditions afloat. To FORUM comes a letter from a ship's captain, a man with thirty-four years' hard experience afloat: "It has been said that seamen want 'office hours.' We have never asked for office hours at sea. We don't want them.

"Even the staunchest trade unionist at sea doesn't expect to down tools at a certain hour each day and cry 'Time's up, lads!' What we want is what, until lately, the Merchant Service never had: a square deal! What Britain wants is a complete revival of British shipping. To make that possible and profitable is to pay due attention to the tramp steamship, which is the very foundation of modern merchant sea-power."

The Comradeship of the Seas, as FORUM sees it, is the greatest thing of its kind the world has seen.

It can be the dawn of a new era of co-operative action between maritime nations, and between shipowners and their officers and men; a *triumph of good will on all sides.*

Without a

SO there's a shortage of bagpipes!

I can see long faces in the Highlands and perhaps tears in the corners of Scottish eyes.

In other parts of the land, though, no doubt there are plenty of people to say that at last the human race is becoming civilised.

★ ★ ★

I have known amiable men suddenly prepared to commit murder at the sound of bagpipes—prepared to murder not only the performers on the bagpipes themselves, but also careless people standing by who have confessed to liking the sounds.

Bagpipes are not to everybody's taste,

Little to Praise; Much to Blame

"I AM here to speak kindly words about Spain. Let me add this hope—that she will be a strong influence for peace after the war. . . Internal political arrangements are a matter for the Spaniards themselves."

Yes, they are the words a British Prime Minister pledged to the Four Freedoms!

"I have no sympathy with those who think it clever and even funny to insult and abuse the Government of Spain," Churchill went on.

FRANCO'S FUNK

I thought it was a war to end Fascism. Yet Fascism, apparently, is still officially extolled—if it is in Spain!

What freedom of religion is there in Spain for the Protestants whose churches have been closed? What freedom from fear is there for the hundreds of thousands of Republicans who still rot in Franco's jails, and whose womenfolk are forced, if they wish to get food, to make the Falange salute?

Churchill chided "those who think our foreign policy is drawing comical or even rude caricatures of General Franco."

I do neither. I merely quote from Franco's latest speech, one made only three weeks before Churchill became his champion in the House of Commons.

Franco went to Alicante on May 11 to receive the title of "adopted son." Alicante was the scene of the trial and execution of Primo de Rivera, the founder of Falangism, the iniquitous tyranny under which Spain still suffers.

It was Primo de Rivera whom Republican idealism had to depose.

Republican Spain was pro-British. It sought to model Spain on our pattern. It lowered rents. It started social services. It educated.

Then Franco, called "a gallant Christian gentleman" by the semi-Fascists here, broke his oath as an officer, imported Moors from Africa and, after a three-years' war, put Spain back into bondage. Franco was not pro-British. He wanted our Gibraltar.

"Spain, which experienced and felt in her flesh Russian barbarism," said Franco, at Alicante, in reference to that civil war—"and so understood what the Communist menace meant.

He made no reference to the Spanish planes and German tanks that rehearsed, in his armies, the war that their masters intended to wage on us. He merely mentioned Russia's aid to the Republicans, small compared with what Hitler and Mussolini sent to him.

"So, one day," he went on, "Spain permitted her volunteers"—the Blue Division—"to go and fight in Communism's own territories.

"When, later, Spain understood that this might drag our people into the war, she had to sacrifice that ideal for the defence of the highest interests of the motherland."

What Churchill praises, you see, was only Franco's funk!

Then the Spanish dictator, on whom Churchill relies for help in the maintenance of Peace, went on to talk about the struggle about the Soviets.

"Communism is a revolutionary activity which aims and works against the peace and order of other countries."

Does not Franco—now Churchill's *protégé*!—know it was Fascism, and then Nazism, that did that?

"A bitter experience obliges us to be on the alert," were some of Franco's closing words. "All of you who fought in the Blue Division witnessed the state of misery reached by a people after twenty-five years!"

So he dismissed the glorious resistance of the Soviets!

Yet Franco admitted—at last—that the Blue Division was withdrawn from Russia only when Allied pressure became so great that it threatened to involve Spain in the war.

It is proof that, after the failure of diplomatic approaches, he submitted because of fear of military strength.

Friends of Republican Spain insist that not even yet has Franco abandoned the idea of a Grand Crusade of the western nations, including Spain, against the Soviet Union—that "a Christian crusade to save Civilisation" has, not even now, been driven from his mind.

No, I have not caricatured Franco. I have merely quoted from his latest speech!

How can we wage a war on Fascism—and, at the same time, praise it in Spain?

There was much in Churchill's speech to praise—for instance his picture of "a world order equipped with all the necessary attributes of power in order to prevent the breaking out of wars or long planning of them by restless and ambitious nations."

But it was when Winston said "The Atlantic Charter in no way bound us about the future of Germany"—and then went on to praise Germany's unofficial ally, the swashbuckling and podgy Franco, that his oration sank from idealism to bad politics.

Hannen Swaffer

Thousand Pipers and a' and a'!

but you can more or less keep your tempers about the other things.

You will find people who go mad (both ways) about broad beans, Golders Green and John Sebastian Bach.

★ ★ ★

I love broad beans and I can't stand John Sebastian Bach, but I wouldn't hit on the nose people who don't love broad beans, or have the people who can stand John Sebastian Bach shot at dawn.

I can't understand people who don't love broad beans, for to me (as to some others) broad beans are earth's most perfect vegetable.

But I leave it at that. I live and let live.

But it is impossible to have a gentle argument with a man (if you happen to be on opposite sides) over bagpipes. You are either 100 per cent. for or 100 per cent. against.

About the best thing that's never been said about bagpipes is that they are a symbol of democracy.

When you hear the bagpipes you know you're living in a free country, even if the entire population of that free country is busy hitting itself on its millions of noses in a shindy over bagpipes.

★ ★ ★

Because any dictator worth the name, though he might let broad beans and John Sebastian Bach get by, would ban bagpipes from the word go.—A. G.

★ *If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

THIS century has seen two devastating world wars, and some people are already warning us about the third. There ought not to be another; there will not be another—if the world is organised on a basis of justice and stability.

Here is a letter from a young soldier which gives one matter for thought.

We shall all have to lend a hand in making the world of to-morrow, he writes, but can we rely upon the youth of to-day with any confidence? Men and women in the Forces will be trained in clear thinking, and will elect politicians who will not allow chaotic destruction to descend upon the world.

But the men and women employed in war factories have been led by high wages into a life of temptation and extravagant spending. We see them without any ideals for the future. They live for the passing hour.

Will the next generation be interested only in dogs, drink, and dancing? Will they be content to leave it to old people to steer them through the dangerous years ahead? Or will they realise that happiness can only be enjoyed when social security has been won and maintained?

Can't young people be guided to seek more knowledge about local administration and the way the country is run?

Our fighting men have saved our country and freedom. Should their children ignore and abuse the things that have been so dearly won?

DEMOCRACY IS FOUNDED ON EDUCATION

Will the next generation spend its leisure hours like this?

WORK in factories is hard, sometimes dangerous, always monotonous. The hours, including time spent in travelling, are generally long.

It is not surprising that in their spare time the workers should seek the sort of relaxations mentioned in the letter.

That is the root of the problem. But before I make any other comments here is another letter to put alongside the first:

Anybody who has stayed in an hotel or boarding-house will know how all the men in the place gather round to hear the B.B.C. news bulletin, and how, as soon as it starts, all the women begin chattering about their own affairs.

It annoys the men quite a lot. I think we women are not politically minded. We take no interest in things unless they concern us personally. There must be a few exceptions, of course, like the women M.P.s, but they are very few.

How can we help to plan the new world after the war if we never think about it? Is it that women don't care? Or that we feel it is a man's job with which we should not meddle? And what about all the schemes for educating adults? I should like to hear your opinion on the whole subject.

The soldier has misgivings about the civilians—especially the young—working in factories; the writer of the second letter has equally strong misgivings about our womenfolk; but they both suggest the same method of solving the problem through education.

A democratic country cannot survive unless its citizens take an intelligent interest in its affairs.

In all the Services a great deal is being done—Army education and A.B.C.A. There are lectures and discussions innumerable, both formal and informal.

A certain amount is being done in the Civil Defence services, too. But this is only a trifling fraction of what needs to be done. My own greatest hope lies in this new Education Bill with its plans for adolescent and adult enlightenment.

ADD to this the influence of the film and the wireless, and we see that our political apathy and illiteracy can be abolished in a short generation. If we mean business, that is.

The Greeks had a word for the person who took no interest in public life: idiot! That is the literal meaning of the word.

To change the subject, here is a letter from one of our flying men:

On Easter Sunday I was on a night operational trip, and at 10.30 p.m. I heard Big Ben strike, followed by Bow Bells, and then a choir singing *Hallelujah*. My thoughts immediately turned to home.

On the return trip my thoughts centred on my wife—wondering what she was then doing.

The next thing I remember was my navigator yelling at me to correct the flight of the aircraft—I had throttled back both engines, lost 1,500 ft., and was chasing a searchlight beam with one wing down.

At precisely the same time (11.45 p.m.) my wife was giving birth to a baby daughter.

Now, Humanist, can you tell me what happened?

Was it the effect of the searchlight that dulled my senses, or was it the call of my wife to my subconscious mind that made me lose full control of the aircraft? I should be interested to hear your reply.

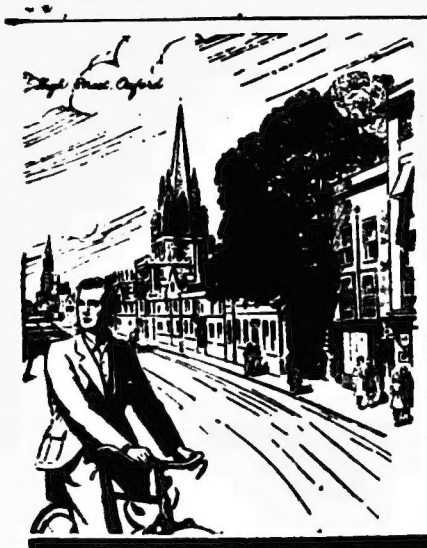
Some people would dismiss the matter as an accident, but I feel much more ready to believe that it was no coincidence.

There is plenty of evidence of the power of telepathy in unusual circumstances.

An expectant mother appears to be exceptionally sensitive to her husband's thoughts. She will know, for example, the moment he is wounded and will not be surprised to get the telegram. A mother will know when her sailor boy is fighting for life in the sea.

Don't ask me to explain it.

I have no doubt that dozens of readers could give examples from their own experience in the present war. Such things happen too often to be dismissed.



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LAST LAUGH

G. L. (Newmarket).—"There may be a most unexpected result in the Derby this year." Surely you do not suggest that our trainers are experimenting with a secret weapon?

N. L. (Preston).—"Berchtesgaden is not Hitler's only mountain retreat." He now has one in the Carpathians.

F. N. (Barnet).—"A Society masseuse is to write her memoirs." We are looking forward to the verbatim remarks of distinguished clients she has rubbed up the wrong way.

G. M. (Hornsey).—"When taking a country walk the other day, I was thrilled to pick up a horseshoe." This is not so thrilling if you happen to be cycling.

T. L. (Taunton).—"Prior to being punished by my headmaster I took the precaution of padding my garments with a shrub from the garden, but was caned on the hand." There was no beating about the bush.

D. L. (Dorking).—"Goldfish have been known to fight very fiercely with one another." In this global war there are no neutral corners.

F. K. (Leeds).—"A German comedian was arrested for imitating Hitler's walk." This is known as gait-crashing.

ENGINEER (London, W.).—"You will sit in your streamlined, plastic car and instruct your cook about dinner by two-way radio." The present procedure is to stand in a suburban train on your way home to spam.

H. L. (Guildford).—"Mustard-and-cress can be grown on thin blotting-paper." People purloining telegraph forms from the post office for this purpose are liable to be prosecuted.

H. N. (Frinton).—"I kept a rabbit for some months, but the dinner it provided was hardly worth the trouble." Why not aim at honey for tea and keep a bee?

Y. T. (Oxford).—"It is suggested that unwanted pianos should be broken up for scrap." This is being done to an instrument we don't want next door by means of heavy-handed interpretations of the Warsaw Concerto.

F. L. (Highgate).—"A Tokyo astronomer claims to have discovered a comet." Other observers have noticed another celestial happening—the rising sun setting in the east.

BERTHA (Boston). — "Do you think a girl's painted face is her best bet for winning a man?" No, her natural cheek.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Beards are misleading. Often a bloke who looks like a pacifist poet turns out to be a Naval Commander what's just won the V.C.!"

Side-Slips

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—". . . the boy H—— was NIGHT years of age. . . ."

OXFORD MAIL:—". . . said he had agreed to BURY the car for £27 10s. . . ."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—". . . a concert given by some of the STARTS of the Theatre Royal. . . ."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"FARES were seen in the London area . . ."

NEWARK HERALD:—"A vote of TANKS was accorded . . ."

DAILY DESPATCH:—". . . the LOST movement, after a slightly harsh opening . . ."

LUTON PICTORIAL:—". . . FASTER-parents and friends . . ."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"Cats suffer great hardship through this THOUGHT-FULNESS."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Readers will be glad to hear details of a heartening and grateful letter we have received.

Two years ago, when he was fifteen, Joseph Bostock, of Appleton, Lancashire, a hard-working farmer's boy, was stricken with paralysis in his arms and legs.

A friend appealed for help to our War Sufferers' Fund. He has just written to us to tell us how our grant helped to turn the tide for young Bostock. First, a doctor worked a miracle, and by last February Joseph could walk round a table and lift a cup. Then, in July, he was fit enough to become second man on a motor lorry. By December, when he was seventeen, Joseph was driving that lorry.

Many other such cases await your generous help. JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund* (address: Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2) was created to help those people whose lives have been tragically affected by the strain and difficulties of present conditions.

All donations we receive are shared out fairly among the people who ask for assistance—we pay the administrative costs in full. A copy of the current week's subscriptions will be sent on request.

We are very pleased to acknowledge contributions, but anonymous gifts are equally welcome.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

First Prize £250—"BULLETS" 1,426

Fl./Sgt. Sharpe (R.A.A.F.), c/o 50, Woodland Ave., Coventry, for this "Bullet":—

OH FOR THE DAY WHEN CHURCH INSPIRING AS CHURCHILL!

£20: L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Road, Manchester.
Standing Still—Or Travelling, You're "Passenger."

£10: F. Winfield, 9, Queen St., Nottingham.
A Thousand Bombers—Germany's Only "Regular Service."

£5: L.A.C. Paget, S., 389, Brodie Ave., Liverpool.
Oh For The Day When—Hitler's Mastered—I'm "Minced."

£4: J. Greenall, 2, Fir Rd., Swinton, Nr. Manchester.
Man Who Suffers—Till Man "suffers" Has.

£3: Miss R. Kaye, 17, Glebe Rd., Huntingdon.
Taxation Headache — "Hangover" From "Blind" Years.

£2: L. Bennett, 125, Heath Lane, Dartford.
Seeds Of Liberty's—Armada, In Little "Mayflower."

DOUBLE FIRST, 100 CAKES Next Page

30s.: L.A.C. Webster, 24, Coppice Ave., Ilkeston.
Oh For The Day When—Sonny's Trumpet, Dad's Revellie!

30s.: E. A. Mason, 33, Walsall Rd., Walsall.
Bit Of Irony—"Channel Calm—Sky Clear."

30s.: Mrs. L. A. Rice, East St., Tollesbury.
Giant Winston—And "Peter Pan," Too!

30s.: F. W. Hooper, 77, Taylor Lane, Droylsden, Mr.
What The Agitator Said—Once—Now. "Social Hood."

30s.: C. H. Stunne, 39, Surrey Road, Reading.
Cloud Of Smoke—Saved Regiment—Cook Decorated!

A list of 25 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices. 1,250 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 420 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 168

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the KEY LETTERS in order E—A—E—K entered by different 14 competitors, who thus share £25: H. Archer, Market Harborough; J. Barker, Pelton; E. A. Brown, Market Bridge; F. Edmunds, Cwmfrwdoer; A. Eke, Rising Bridge; W. T. Golding, Thorpe; F. H. Graham, Chiswick; L. Hibby, Addington; J. E. Humble, Hull; Mrs. E. Jarvis, King's Lynn; J. Maxwell, Rhyl; F. Purrington, Leigh; Mrs. Shirlaw, Erdington; Mrs. F. Wildman, Southall.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 49 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above —2nd Runners-up Awards for 359 entrants with FIRST TWO.

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VITAMIN YEAST
TABLETS & POWDER

1/1½d. & 3/- per bottle. | 1/4½d., 2/3d. & 4/- per tin.

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT

DOUBLED FIRST

AND 4lb. CAKES FOR "BULLETS"

OTHER PRIZES £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

THIS week our *Bullets* First Prize has been DOUBLED to the fine round sum of £100—and 100 delicious 4 lb. Fruit Cakes are amongst the hundreds of cash and other awards waiting to be won.

Making up *Bullets* is a grand way of spending a spare half-hour. Read for yourself those prize-winning efforts on page 14 and you will realise that a substantial success is well within your reach if you will but try.

Make a start now on the *Examples* given, see that your coupon below is posted not later than Monday, June 19, and a few days later a Friday Joy Wire from *John Bull* may thrill you with the good news that you have won this week's £100 Double First!

HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, selecting the recent *Example* IN BRITAIN TO-DAY, a Corporal in the R.A.F. captured First Prize with this completed *Bullet*, IN BRITAIN TO-DAY—CONFIDENCE "THAT GERMANY'S LOST."

Now see what *you* can do about turning out a winner—it's well worth while!

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 3d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated July 1, shall be Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, now accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

GOOD SHIP BRITANNIA
DIN OF BATTLE
THE ROAD AHEAD
THROUGH THE YEARS
TO OPEN THE DOOR
HYMN OF HATE
THE MAILED FIST
WITH FLAGS FLYING
CITY OF TO-MORROW
STILL GOES ON
GOOD EDUCATION
IF MOTHER WERE RICH
"THAT'S TORN IT!"
SILLY PEOPLE
GETTING INTO TROUBLE
POLITICIANS' PROMISE, BUT

A FIASCO
DAD'S BEANS
TO THE REDOUE
WHAT IS CITIZENSHIP?

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

FOR HITLER'S ..... BE A..... AND
FIRST TO.....
LOT OF.....
MEN LIKE .....
WHAT ..... MEANS

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets" my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated June 24. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
"BULLETS" No. 1,430

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY MONDAY, JUNE 12

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,430—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

GREGOLVEN

THE ORIGINAL CLEANER

Keeps

HANDS and HOME FREE OF GREASE AND GERM LADEN DIRT

Saves Labour and Time

POWDER in Drums - 7d.
PASTE in Tins - - 8d.

NO COUPONS

SUSTAINED EFFORT

Changed conditions have, for many people, resulted in longer hours and harder work. Not infrequently the extra effort demanded causes headaches and muscular aches and pains. Those responsible for the health of workers in war factories have been quick to recognise the merits of 'ANADIN' in alleviating pain and distress. Invaluable also in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis and the common cold.

1/3 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*)

ANADIN

TABLETS

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

How young Johnny's shoes were saved!

Johnny's shoes were such a problem,
Boys will never play sedately,
Johnny wore them through in no time,
Johnny's Ma was worried greatly;
Then his Ma, inspired, decided
Goodyear Soles and Heels for John!
Now his shoes last so much longer
Since he's had his Goodyear's on!

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them—it's so well worth while waiting for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. Remember, ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

On Active Service

Electricity is switched on for victory

That is why by every means
WE MUST SAVE FUEL TODAY

FIRST SALARY LACE UNDIES

No clothes coupons could replace them, so wash them with
SYLVAN FLAKES

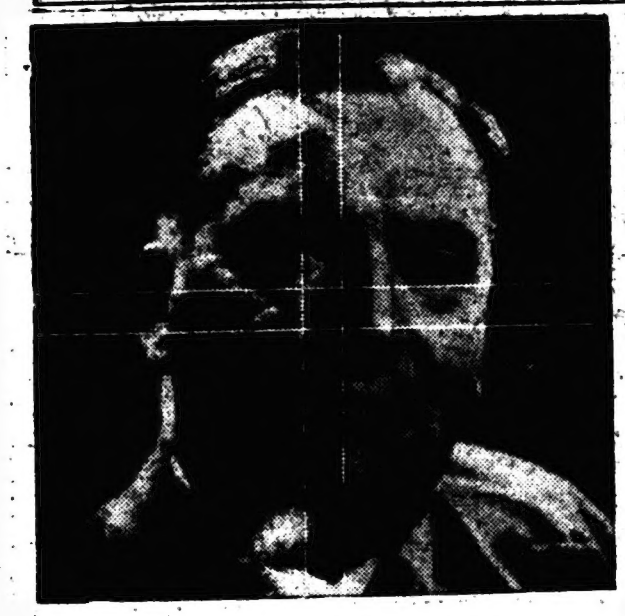
BUYING those flimsy, joyous wisps of lace with your first week's salary was a big thrill. You had just left school and the squander-bug was still unknown. To-day you should wash these precious undies and all your other treasures of lace, silk, wool and fine linen in the rich lather of Sylvan Flakes.

These pure, rich soap flakes are also suited for all household uses. Sylvan Flakes are scarcer now, but you can still get your share. Regular supplies are being sent to your shop.

In wartime, Sylvan Flakes are sold in bulk. You can tell them by their firm, white appearance. Be sure to ask for

SYLVAN FLAKES

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE



RED SQUARES Matured Virginia

BLUE SQUARES Original Mixture

Each 2/11 per oz.

As Works Manager

I say that best materials are cheapest in the long run. In smoking for example, a few pence less per ounce for your tobacco doesn't *really* save money. I pay 2/11, but each pipeful lasts me about an hour, so I am paying less per minute and getting a better smoke into the bargain. My particular choice is FOUR SQUARE Red, because I like a Straight Virginia, but if you prefer a Mixture you can't beat FOUR SQUARE Blue at the same price.

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible.

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use—a real boon to the housewife.

HARPIC

Take the sting out of shaving

CHANGE TO COLGATE BRUSHLESS

NOT SO EASY TO GET NOWADAYS — SO SO EASY

Change to the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch Colgate Brushless for softening up beards (even with cold water) — for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

1/6 and 2/6 Including Tax.

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